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THE CHICAGO ANTHOLOGY

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The Chicago Anthology

A COLLECTION OF VERSE FROM THE WORK OF CHICAGO POETS

Selected and Arranged by
CHARLES G. BLANDEN and MINNA MATHISON

With an Introduction by LLEWELLYN JONES

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INTRODUCTION

A few years ago the title of the present book would have been its sufficient introduction. But recently many people have come to regard poetry as a new industry with Chicago as its most busy distributing center. Five or ten years ago, these people imagine, there was rhymed sentiment but not the poetry to make such an anthology as this possible, and now, they rejoice, we have reached the happy point where we can have a Chicago Anthology. And, they may continue, if its compilers know their business, it will surely open with the magic phrase:

"Hog-butcher of the world,
Tool-maker, stacker of wheat . . ."

It is partly to mitigate the disappointment of these people and partly to warn other readers against the one-sided radicalism of this view of poetry as a "slice of life" that this introduction is written. And as I set about the task I am reminded of a most trivial anecdote which clings to memory in virtue of its jingles of words. Ben Jonson and Joshua Sylvester were engaging in a rhyming match:

"I, Sylvester,
Kissed your sister."

—remarked Joshua (though there is a more Elizabethan version), and Ben Jonson came back with:

"I, Ben Jonson, kissed your wife."

"That isn't rhyme," said Sylvester. "No, but it's true," replied Ben.

Now it is undoubtedly true—we have olfactory and may obtain auditory evidence—that Chicago is the hog-butcher of the world, but whether that fact

can fittingly be lisped in numbers is another question. In one way such facts can. A vision that approaches universality and a passion intense enough can fuse the most recalcitrant facts of life into an imaginative whole, and the more recalcitrant the elements are, the more the artistic product approaches that highest kind of beauty which has so intrigued philosophers from the Greeks until today: the sublime.

But the poets of today use the elements of life which are painful or tawdry for two other purposes, one of which I think is poetically legitimate and the other less so, if legitimate at all. I mean the grotesque and the realistic. The former need not concern us here. The latter is what a great many people will expect in this anthology, firstly, because the free verse writers have accustomed them to the idea that realism is the note in present day poetry which supersedes the sentimentalism of Victorian verse—a quality, by the way, in that verse, which they have elected rightly enough to attack, but which was only one vice amid many virtues they deny or ignore—and, secondly, because Chicago yields more realistic themes than it does conventionally idealistic ones, and the modernist tells us that the poet must reflect his own surroundings and shun the empyrean as he would the plague. In other words, the Chicago poet must write about Chicago.

Well, we must confess that on first glance very few of the poems in this volume appear to be about Chicago. So it behooves their introducer to tell the reader why. The answer, of course, is that the realists are uttering a dangerous half truth when they tell us that the poet must write about what he sees

with the corporeal eye. The only thing the poet, as such, can write about is his own soul—and this applies just as much to the dramatic poet as to the lyric singer. To utter that, however, is not merely to make such affirmations as that in Henley's most popular and far from best poem:

"I am the captain of my soul."

It is, rather, to express the relation between the poet's personality and its environment. It is to utilize imaginatively those elements, in the Lake country of England, in London, in Chicago, in the sea or in the mountains, that express through their form or their symbolism those emotions which would otherwise lack expression and torture their possessor. Realistic detail is therefore necessary—some earthly content—but equally so is the reaction of the soul, a reaction that is not necessarily stated in words, whether they be the assertion that the poet is captain of his soul or that he wishes to God he was dead, but which may be implicit in the associations of ideas in the poem, in the adumbration of "old, unhappy, far-off things" that the words of the poem recall or, more subtly even, in the swell and ebb of the rhythm. All good poetry, then, is, to use a phrase from one of Francis Thompson's most self-revealing and poignant poems, "a . . . Jacob's ladder, pitched between Heaven and Charing Cross."

Our Charing Crosses may badly need sweeping, and poets with the social conscience will naturally wish to call our sluggish attention to the fact. In so doing the heavenly side of the equation may be neglected for a time. But in the poetry which is not only to move us today to action but which shall abide

with our children as a joy in itself when our social chores are all done—in that we find the poet's true reason for being.

Have the poets, then, in this volume, done too much justice to their individual heavens and not enough to their Charing Crosses or their Dearborn Streets? Should Francis Fisher Browne, who for more than thirty years edited The Dial, which he founded in Chicago, have anticipated Carl Sandburg and written about the city which is the hog-butcher of the world? The few poems here printed are quite representative of Mr. Browne and they deal with mountains and dead heroes. Very disappointing, doubtless, to his realist successors. But as a matter of fact they were just as much inspired by Chicago as if they had been written concerning stockyards. Only they were inspired by antithesis. Mr. Browne hated the crudity and noise of Chicago's industrial life. He told the writer once that the only way he could traverse Dearborn Street on foot and keep his sanity was by shutting out its roar and reciting to himself some of the great number of poems he had committed to memory. Surely some of the poems he created were born out of that same distaste stimulating imaginative hunger for the opposite of all this dust and wasted motion.

It is easy to sneer at this attitude toward art, to call it a cowardly climbing into an ivory tower, and to quote Milton on the fugitive and cloistered virtue that never sees its adversary face to face but slinks from out the race where that immortal garland is to be run for, not without dust and heat.

But the answer is equally easy. Men like Mr. Browne have not slunk from out that race. The edi-

tor of The Dial, in "real" life, was a frontiersman. He planted his standard of literary evaluation in Chicago when the place was a cultural wilderness, and he poured both his money and his health into his missionary endeavor. Such service as that is all that practical life can ask. Having given it, the soul is free from life's limitations and has earned its right to the ivory tower—or to the stars.

It would be invidious to mention by name other contributors, although something of what we have said about Mr. Browne applies to the late William Vaughn Moody. Chicago inspired more of his poetry than mentions Chicago—and any reader of his delightful letters may find out just how this inspiration was given.

But a word should be said of the more "modernist" poetry in this volume. What has been said above sounds "conservative." And just as Miss Harriet Monroe, on account of her advocacy of Imagism and free verse in "Poetry" has achieved the reputation of printing nothing but free verse and Imagism—when as a matter of fact, the greater part of the space she devotes to verse is given to the orthodox metrical forms—so we may achieve the reputation of having represented the old poetry of Chicago and of having ignored the new. To speak of only one modernist represented in these pages (and he is mentioned because his work is more liable to misunderstanding than some other of the newer poetry) we may point to the inclusion of part of Mr. Cloyd Head's "Grotesques" as a refutation of the possible charge. Mr. Head's work is essentially modernist in that it represents a grappling of poetry

with a new problem. Unlike the Imagists, who are a reversion to an older type, or most of the free verse writers, he has really tried to express a modern man's feeling in a modern way. The result is imperfect, it makes hard reading sometimes, it gives us a cloudiness—but there is a living flame behind the smoke. And it is that that counts.

Our dreams are the oldest part of us—

". . . . tales

Told in dim Eden by Eve's nightingales."

—and they are the most forward looking part of us as well, and so true poetry is never out of date. The amount of such poetry, as opposed to mere verse, that will be found in this volume is greater than I expected when I heard of its projection. Its compilers have done the art of poetry and the poets of Chicago signal service in rescuing this representative collection from the oblivion that would have befallen some of it and the lack of general appreciation that would have befallen perhaps the best of it. When most of our newly awakened interest in poetry is being given to the topical and experimental verse of the day, this reminder of the wealth of older poetry is timely. The true lover of the art will hold a just balance between that new and the old which he may here sample. And if the reader wishes to be quite impartial, will he please refrain from imagining that because the writer of this introduction has used the opening phrase of his friend Carl Sandburg's famous Chicago poem as a sort of whipping horse, that he is not appreciative of the sterling literary and the sterling human qualities that give us Mr. Sandburg's poignant pictures of the life of this inspiring city?

September, 1916. *Llewellyn Jones.*

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GLOUCESTER MOORS.

A mile behind is Gloucester town,
  Where the fishing fleets put in,
A mile ahead the land dips down
  And the woods and farms begin.
Here, where the moors stretch free
  In the high blue afternoon,
Are the marching sun and talking sea,
And the racing winds that wheel and flee
  On the flying heels of June.

Jill-o'er-the-ground is purple blue,
  Blue is the quaker-maid,
The wild geranium holds its dew
  Long in the boulder's shade.
Wax-red hangs the cup
  From the huckleberry boughs,
In barberry bells the grey moths sup
Or where the choke-cherry lifts high up
  Sweet bowls for their carouse.

Over the shelf of the sandy cove
  Beach-peas blossom late.
By copse and cliff the swallows rove,
  Each calling to his mate.
Seaward the sea-gulls go,
  And the land-birds all are here;
That green-gold flash was a vireo,
And yonder flame where the marsh-flags grow
  Was a scarlet tanager.

This earth is not the steadfast place
  We landsmen build upon;

From deep to deep she varies pace,
  And while she comes is gone.
Beneath my feet I feel
  Her smooth bulk heave and dip;
With velvet plunge and soft upreel
She swings and steadies to her keel
  Like a gallant, gallant ship.

These summer clouds she sets for sail,
  The sun is her masthead light,
She tows the moon like a pinnace frail
  Where her phosphor wake churns bright.
Now hid, now looming clear,
  On the face of the dangerous blue
The star fleets tack and wheel and veer,
But on, but on does the old earth steer
  As if her port she knew.

God, dear God! Does she know her port,
  Though she goes so far about?
Or blind astray, does she make her sport
  To brazen and chance it out?
I watched when her captains passed:
  She were better captainless.
Men in the cabin, before the mast,
But some were reckless and some aghast,
  And some sat gorged at mess.

By her battened hatch I leaned and caught
  Sounds from the noisome hold,—
Cursing and sighing of souls distraught
  And cries too sad to be told.

Then I strove to go down and see;
  But they said, "Thou art not of us!"
I turned to those on the deck with me
And cried, "Give help!" But they said, "Let be:
  Our ship sails faster thus."

Jill-o'er-the-ground is purple blue,
  Blue is the quaker-maid,
The alder-clump where the brook comes through
  Breeds cresses in its shade.
To be out of the moiling street
  With its swelter and its sin!
Who has given to me this sweet,
And given my brother dust to eat?
  And when will his wage come in?

Scattering wide or blown in ranks,
  Yellow and white and brown,
Boats and boats from the fishing banks
  Come home to Gloucester town.
There is cash to purse and spend,
  There are wives to be embraced,
Hearts to borrow and hearts to lend,
And hearts to take and keep to the end,—
  O little sails, make haste!

But thou, vast outbound ship of souls,
  What harbor town for thee?
What shapes, when thy arriving tolls,
  Shall crowd the banks to see?
Shall all the happy shipmates then
  Stand singing brotherly?
    Or shall a haggard ruthless few

Warp her over and bring her to,
While the many broken souls of men
Fester down in the slaver's pen,
And nothing to say or do?

—*William Vaughn Moody.*

THE JEW TO JESUS.

O man of my own people, I alone
Among these alien ones can know thy face,
I who have felt the kinship of our race
Burn in me as I sit where they intone
Thy praises,—those who, striving to make known
A God for sacrifice, have missed the grace
Of thy sweet human meaning in its place,
Thou who art of our blood-bond and our own.

Are we not sharers of thy Passion? Yea,
In spirit-anguish closely by thy side
We have drained the bitter cup, and, tortured, felt
With thee the bruising of each heavy welt.
In every land is our Gethsemane.
A thousand times have we been crucified.

—*Florence Kiper Frank.*

OUT OF THE PAST.

I know a song whose words are made of tears,
Shadowy, solemn, sweet;
Borne from the glory of the golden years
Whose tale is now complete.

I know a voice that fills me with its sadness,
So mournfully it seems
Unceasingly to wake the buried madness
Of long-forgotten dreams.

I know a soul which shares with that of mine
The pain of darksome ways,
Which craves and crowns the vanished joy divine
Of happier, saintlier days.

O voice of sympathy, O song of sorrow,
O brave enduring soul,
Somewhere before us in the mystic morrow
A faith shall make us whole.

—Edwin Preston Dargan.

"AT EASE ON LETHE WHARF."

I have forgotten who my brother is.
Time was I knew, and lived and loved with him;
Toiled, suffered. Now, remote and shadowy, dim,
No heartbeat stirs at his remembered face.
In this still place
Love hath forsworn its opportunities.

Yea, here are no responsibilities.
Only a drifting with the listless stream
Where hollow bubbles, floating, coldly gleam.
Wonder itself is idle, purposeless;
I cannot guess
Nor even dream of ancient sympathies.

Now hath my soul content. Soft silences,
Sinews unloosed from struggle, silken sleep,

Are mine; nor tender memories to weep.
Only unruffled calm; and yet—and yet—
Strange, faint regret—
I have forgotten who my brother is!

—*Helen Coale Crew.*

KINSHIP.

I am aware,
As I go commonly sweeping the stair,
Doing my part of the every-day care—
Human and simple my lot and my share—
I am aware of a marvelous thing:
Voices that murmur and ethers that ring
In the far stellar spaces where cherubim sing.
I am aware of the passion that pours
Down the channels of fire through Infinity's doors;
Forces terrific, with melody shod,
Music that mates with the pulses of God.
I am aware of the glory that runs
From the core of myself to the core of the suns.
Bound to the stars by invisible chains,
Blaze of eternity now in my veins,
Seeing the rush of ethereal rains
Here in the midst of the every-day air—
I am aware.

I am aware,
As I sit quietly here in my chair,
Sewing or reading or braiding my hair—
Human and simple my lot and my share—
I am aware of the systems that swing

Through the aisles of creation on heavenly wing,
I am aware of a marvelous thing;
Trail of the comets in furious flight,
Thunders of beauty that shatter the night,
Terrible triumph of pageants that march
To the trumpets of time through Eternity's arch.
I am aware of the splendor that ties
All the things of the earth with the things of the skies,
Here in my body the heavenly heat,
Here in my flesh the melodious beat
Of the planets that circle Divinity's feet.
As I sit silently here in my chair,
I am aware.

—*Angela Morgan.*

A SONG FOR A MAN.

A song for a man!
Away with the personal plaint!
Away with the twanging of strings one-ended, centered in self!
Away with the pity of self and fie! for the inturned eye.
—Turn the eye outward, and lo! there are the earth and the sky.
(Oh, friend, arise! Short the day and sad is the frown of the evening.
Weep not, and waste not the light, and spill not the wine of thy living.
Hast thou a hurt in the heart? Limbless thy brother, perhaps.

Are thy feet stumbling and tired? Others are down
in the dust.
—This love you mourn, it may have been better to
lose it.
Blow out the ashes of love with the bellows of work—
Out of your heart and your life, and be done with
mere fanning!)

A song for a man! These singers, who pipe small and
fine,
Who sing of a gown or a glove, a vase, or a lady's
eye—
Dapper dressed dandies in verse—iambic-setters in
trade—
Why should we listen to these, when today there is
full on the air
All the good unison, drum, trump and clarion,
Pealing a song for a man!
A song for a man! The child and the woman, per-
haps
May have smaller music to hear, with no smiting
chord to alarm.
But say, to what key shall be set
An untrammeled song for a man?

Ah, listen! You'll catch it at dawn,
When the milkmaid and plowboy go forth.
You'll hear it at evening, at noon,
When the axeman is wielding his blade.
You will hear the wheels take it and droon,
And so will the note be set,
Vibrant and stinging in joy,
And you'll sing though your eye should be wet.

You'll catch it and know it and sing
That the heart joyed in labor, alone,
Is the one that can know or can feel
Or be home for a song for a man!

—Emerson Hough.

OUR DAILY BREAD.

On the "Hunger Parade" of the Unemployed,
Chicago, January 17, 1915.

"Give us this day our daily bread—
Give us our right," the hungry said.
Walking along the darkening way,
"Give us our daily bread," we say.

Hark to the tread of the sullen feet,
Marching down the sleety street:
Hunger staggers along the way.
"Give us our bread and work—today!"

Swaying banners overhead—
"Give us this day our daily bread."
Masses of men and women throng—
Living witness of living wrong.

"Work, not charity!" is the cry.
Is it sincere—I know not, I!
What can I give but some small dole?
But—will that satisfy my soul?

Buffeting through the wind and the rain,
They will pass again and again,

Menacing all who are sleek and fed:
"Give—or we'll take—our daily bread."

Reads like a story of long ago:
"Driven by want, driven by woe,
Peasants arose and began to slay."
But it all happened yesterday.

Reads like a tale from some far-off land,
Countries we do not understand,
(Where there will be the devil to pay!)
But—it all happened across the way.

—*Rita Benton.*

A GIRL STRIKE-LEADER.

A white-faced, stubborn little thing
Whose years are not quite twenty years,
Eyes steely now and done with tears,
Mouth scornful of its suffering!—

The young mouth!—body virginal
Beneath the cheap, ill-fitting suit,
A bearing quaintly resolute,
A flowering hat, satirical.

A soul that steps to the sound of the fife
And banners waving red to war,
Mystical, knowing scarce wherefore—
A Joan in a modern strife.

—*Florence Kiper Frank.*

THE CYCLE.

Grief, I have climbed thy heights;
  Joy, I have seen thy face;
Pain, I have proved thy rights;
  Love, I have joined thy race;
Youth, I have flown thy kites;
  Age, I have learned thy pace.
Each is a friend to me,
True without end to me,
Each doth extend to me
  Knowledge and grace.

—*Louise Ayres Garnett.*

THE DEED AND THE DREAM.

The Dream is the babe in the lovelit nest,
  And the rollicking boy at play;
The Dream is the youth with the old, old zest
  For the rare romance of a day.
Then the Deed strikes forth to the distant goal,
  That has dazzled since life began:
For the Dream is the child of the rampant soul,
  But the Deed is the man.

The Dream is the peak that is seen afar,
  And the wish for the eagle's wing;
The Dream is the song to the beck'ning star
  That the world waif fondly sings.
Then the Deed comes crowned with the strength and
    skill
  That doth perfect a golden plan;

For the Dream is the child of the sovereign will,
But the Deed is the man.

The Dream is the mask that would make men fair
And the boast that would count them brave;
The Dream is the honors that heroes wear,
And the glory that high hearts crave.
Then the Deed gives battle to pride and pelf
As only a conqueror can;
For the Dream is the child of the better self,
But the Deed is the man.

—*James C. McNally.*

AN ANSWER.

Why do you always sing of God?
His greatness needs you not.
Has he not struck you with His rod,
Can Sorrow be forgot?
I sing of Him because His blow,
In love and mercy sweet,
Has laid my pride and hatred low,
And led me to His feet.

His greatness needs me not at all.
He left me fair and free.
But when in freedom I did fall,
He stooped to chasten me.
What needs the sun of stagnant pool
That poisons all the air?
What need has God of any fool
That He should make him heir?

Yet doth the sun draw to the sky,
  To scatter down in rain,
The dark and noisome pools that lie
  Upon the marshy plain—
As Magdalen, who, loving much,
  Before her Lord did fall,
Made clean by that immortal touch
  Whose power can heal us all.

—Francis Clement Kelley.

IN POVERTY STREET.

It's dirty, ill-smelling,
  Its fellows the same,
With hardly a dwelling
  Deserving the name;
It's noisy and narrow,
  With angles replete—
Not straight as an arrow
  Is Poverty Street.

Its houses are battered,
  Unheated and small,
While children all tattered
  Respond to the call;
There's nothing inviting
  That's likely to greet
The stranger alighting
  In Poverty Street.

But something redeeming
  Lies under it all;
Ambition is dreaming

In some little hall;
Some mother is praying
Successes may meet
The boy who is playing
In Poverty Street.

Some fathers, depriving
Themselves of all joys,
Are valiantly striving
For sake of their boys;
Some sisters and brothers,
In sacrifice sweet,
Are living for others
In Poverty Street.

And ever and always
Is charity shown,
In alleys or hallways
None suffers alone;
For sorrow no blindness
The suffering meet;
There's millions—in kindness—
In Poverty Street.

Though lacking in glory
And lacking in art,
There's many a story
Appeals to the heart;
And years that are blighting
With tales of defeat
Find heroes still fighting
In Poverty Street.

—Elliott Flower.

AT A SUMMER RESORT.

Yes, it is beautiful; this peaceful scene
Of shimmering lake, deep in the pinewoods green,
With happy, brown-kneed children, youth and maid,
And elder folk in summer white arrayed,
At tennis, golf, and boating—all at play,
Wherewith they while these golden hours away.
And yet—and yet—I wish I could not see,
Back in the city's heat and misery,
Those patient men who toil in shop and mill,
Their work-worn wives, their children wan and still,
Wasting their lives in cruel sacrifice
To give these idle ones this paradise!

—Brand Whitlock.

THE DOUBT.

The mortal pang, the gasping breath,
  A moment to endure,
And then to meet with you in death—
  If only I were sure!

But, O the unknown way to choose,
  And after find it true
That I in outer dark must lose
  The memory of you!

—Florence Kiper Frank.

OUT OF THE GLOOM.

The day was dark, the leaves
  Hung limp and still and wet,

And sadness seemed to look
From every face I met;
The woeful world's affairs
All made me think of cares
I wanted to forget.

The song-bird from the tree
Sent forth a plaintive air;
But suddenly the sad
Old world forgot its care;
A little child's glad shout
Came sweetly ringing out,
And joy was everywhere.

—*S. E. Kiser.*

UNMASKED.

After long years apart,
Two old friends met by chance;
Each knew, with quickened heart,
The other at a glance.

After a fleeting day
Two souls met, face to face;
Each looked, and, muttering "Nay!"
Fled past through windless space.

—*George Horton.*

THE UNCHARTED QUEST.

Whether on land or sea
Alone afield, or where great throngs abide,
Always Unquiet stirs where'er I be—

Always the fiend, Unrest, pursueth me;
I go unsatisfied.

Storms of melodic art—
The roar of tempests—cool, white dews of dawn—
Alike arouse a longing in my heart:
Alike awake a restlessness apart—
A hunger that drives on.

Gulfs of heaven's blue space—
The eyes of children—deep, poetic dreams—
Most give me peace; yet these full soon lose grace;
Again my soul would on to loftier place—
Would out to stiller streams.

Lord of eternal rest!
God of high peace, perpetual and wide!
How shall I feel when, drawn unto thy breast,
I shall have cease from the uncharted quest?
Shall I be satisfied?

—Charles J. O'Malley.

ROOM!

I will hew great spaces for my soul,
Hours of majesty, aisles of beauty:
Out of the solid universe will I hew them
That my perishing soul may pass through them,
That my passionate spirit have room to grow,
That the mind of me may not suffer so,
That I faint not here 'mid the pitiful round of duty—

I will hew great spaces, marvelous places, for my soul.

I will hew great paths for my soul,
Out of the shining ether, keen as quicksilver, solid as steel,
To know what the Void may reveal.
My soul that is shrivelling here on earth
Must have fresh birth.
That the claims of earth may not bind me,
That death may not find me,
I will hew great spaces, huge places of life for my soul.
I will seek me a way no man has trod,
I will blaze new trails to the heart of God.

That my soul may walk wider ways than earth,
My soul and the souls of the world—
I will challenge the Void where the secrets of life are furled,
I will cleave new paths, that all may have fresh birth.

I will hew great windows for my soul,
Channels of splendor, portals of release;
Out of earth's prison walls will I hew them,
That my thundering soul may push through them;
Through stratas of human strife and passion
I will tunnel a way, I will carve and fashion
With the might of my soul's intensity
Windows fronting immensity,
Towering out of Time.
I will breathe the air of another clime
That my spirit's pain may cease.

That the *being* of me have room to grow,
That my eyes may meet God's eyes and know,
I will hew great windows, wonderful windows,
measureless windows for my soul.

I will weave great melodies for my soul,
Storms of harmony, hurricanes of feeling;
Out of the cosmic rhythm will I choir them,
Infinity's breath shall inspire them,
And chorusing orbs in their wheeling.
That the sadness of earth may not 'numb me
And grief overcome me,
Here where terror and strife abound
I will mount and mount on wings of sound;
I will soar on symphonies of might,
Lifted and carried
Where whirlwinds are married
To challenge the worlds in their flight.
That earth may hear and rejoice.

I will summon the stars for their voice;
I will marshal the music of manifold spheres,
I will capture the chords of the thundering years,
From the course where Aldebaran runs
I will summon the suns.

I will range the abysm from sun to sod,
Spaces ringing and singing with God,
To the uttermost bounds of being,
Past earthly sense and seeing,
Till my passionate spirit has found at last
A splendid place in the splendid vast.
I, I, the immeasureable I, greater than suns or stars
or spaces,

Born of Creation's boundless places,
I, who am perishing here on earth,
I will rend my way to a larger birth.
Fetters and bars, I will shout my way through them;
Planets and stars, like chaff will I strew them.
That my spirit may hugely survive,
For I am alive, alive!

—*Angela Morgan.*

HEREDITY.

Why bowest thou, O soul of mine,
  Crushed by ancestral sin?
Thou hast a noble heritage,
  That bids thee victory win.

The tainted past may bring forth flowers,
  As blossomed Aaron's rod;
No legacy of sin annuls
  Heredity from God.

—*Lydia Avery Coonley Ward.*

THE MAN WITH THE HOE.

(A Reply)

Let us a little permit Nature to take her own way; she better understands her own affairs than we.— *Montaigne.*

Nature reads not our labels, "great" and "small";
Accepts she one and all

Who, striving, win and hold the vacant place;
All are of royal race.

Him, there, rough-cast, with rigid arm and limb,
The Mother moulded him,

Of his rude realm ruler and demigod,
Lord of the rock and clod.

With Nature is no "better" and no "worse,"
On this bared head no curse.

Humbled it is and bowed; so is he crowned
Whose kingdom is the ground.

Diverse the burdens on the one stern road
Where bears each back its load;

Varied the toil, but neither high nor low.
With pen or sword or hoe,

He that has put out strength, lo, he is strong;
Of him with spade or song

Nature but questions—"This one, shall he stay?"
She answers, "Yea," or "Nay."

"Well, ill, he digs, he sings;" and he bides on,
Or shudders, and is gone.

Strength shall he have, the toiler, strength and
grace,
So fitted to his place

As he leaned, there, an oak where sea winds blow,
Our brother with the hoe.

No blot, no monster, no unsightly thing,
The soil's long-lineaged king;

His changeless realm, he knows it and commands;
Erect enough he stands,

Tall as his toil. Nor does he bow unblest:
Labor he has, and rest.

Need was, need is, and need will ever be
For him and such as he;

Cast for the gap, with gnarléd arm and limb,
The Mother moulded him,—

Long wrought, and moulded him with mother's care,
Before she set him there.

And aye she gives him, mindful of her own,
Peace of the plant, the stone;

Yea, since above his work he may not rise,
She makes the field his skies.

See! she that bore him, and metes out the lot,
He serves her. Vex him not

To scorn the rock whence he was hewn, the pit
And what was digged from it;

Lest he no more in native virtue stand,
The earth-sword in his hand,

But follow sorry phantoms to and fro,
And let a kingdom go.

—*John Vance Cheney.*

THE NONCONFORMIST.

Make straight a path through untilled lands,
  Through groves of lusty trees;
Make straight a way o'er roughened steeps,
  A way o'er swinging seas;—
    For the old path was a good path
      For the old who walked thereon,
    But for me and mine the rude path,
    The crude path, is the good path,
    For my young feet, the rude path
      Is best to tread upon.

I have left the safe and easy house
  For a habitation wild;
I have left the harbor's rest secure
  For the waves by tempests piled;
    Sweet food and drink and the old loves
      I left on the way I trod,
    But for me and mine the hard ways,
    And the barred ways are starred ways;
    For my strong limbs the hard ways
      Are the ways that lead to God!

—Marguerite Wilkinson.

THE TOWER.

He built a tower for all to see
  With sun-washed gardens planted wide;
And there, with pomp and pageantry,
With men-at-arms and minstrelsy
And moon-beam ladies fair and free,
  He reveled in his pride.

And there, with soft prayers muttered slow,
And wind-blown candles burning low,
And hooded mourners row on row,
  In pomp of peace he died.

Now time forgets how many a sun
Above the waste has risen and run
Since all the feasts were over and done;
  Yet still from rusty pinnacle,
  From cobwebbed pane and broken bell,
A wind-voice murmurs: Here am I—
'Twas good to live and die;
  And good to rear these carved stones well
'Twixt laboring earth and dreaming sky.
And now 'tis good to watch and wait
While the slow centuries pass in state,
  And make old time my glory tell
To you who wander by.

—Harriet Monroe.

THE LAST GUEST.

Why have you lit so bright a fire
  For chatterers to sit about,
While wistful at the door,
And lonely at the door,
  One waits without?

Why have you spread so rich a feast
  For careless and insatiate,
While eager at the door,
And wanly at the door,
  Waits one most delicate?

When the night deepens, and the guests
  Have passed to some new clamorous goal,
Let in the quiet one,
Let in the longing one,—
Close to the last red embers draw
  Your welcome soul.

—*Frances Shaw.*

AD FINEM.

As Night her purple shadows massed
Three kinborn travelers by me passed.
Slowly, ahead, wayworn and bent,
Came one, as he were nearly spent;
Not far behind, the others (faced
Like inscrutable sphinxes) paced
How silently. I held my breath,
Seeing Man, Destiny and Death.

—*Charles G. Blanden.*

YOUR MILLENNIUM.

There are no metes and bounds to time,
There is no vast forever yet to come;
Eternity, not time is now,
Today is your millennium.

—*Agness Greene Foster.*

THE ROAD TO ANYWHERE.

Across the places deep and dim,
  And places brown and bare,
It reaches to the planet's rim—
  The Road to Anywhere.

Now east is east, and west is west,
But north lies in between,
And he is blest whose feet have prest
The road that's cool and green.

The road of roads for them that dare
The lightest whim obey,
To follow where the moose or bear
Has brushed his headlong way.

The secrets that these tangles house
Are step by step revealed,
While to the sun the grass and boughs
A store of odors yield.

More sweet these odors in the sun
Than swim in chemists' jars;
And when the fragrant day is done,
Night—and a shoal of stars.

Oh east is east, and west is west,
But north lies full and fair;
And blest is he who follows free
The Road to Anywhere.

—Bert Leston Taylor.

RETURNING SPRING.

The lilac buds are peeping
From out their coats of green;
Up from the grass is creeping
A mist of verdant sheen;
The tulips are awaking,
I hear a robin sing,
And, by my bosom's aching,
I know 'tis spring, 'tis spring.

Too well my heart remembers
A spring of other years;
The ashes yield their embers,
And musing melts to tears.
So sweet, so sweet remembrance,
It has no more a sting,
And grief has lost its semblance,
But oh, I know 'tis spring.

—*Minna Mathison.*

MORNING HYMN TO THE SKOKIE.

Bend, rushes, and wave, grasses!
After night's hushes the south wind passes,
Waking the swallows and rousing the thrushes
In leafy hollows.

Night is retaken and day is set free.
Awaken, awaken, greet morning with me!
The blue swallows dip, flutter, and dart.
The dusk bees sip at the clover's heart.
The hylas are trilling with wee throats a-quiver,
Near a small hidden river, their heart-stirring lay.
Meadow-larks carol from out of the willowy
Copse where the gray reeds are bending in billowy
Grace, in obeisance, before the renaissance of day.

Iris, in samite of purple befitting a queen,
Summon the aid of your guardian lancers in green,
Fend off that opal-winged dragon-fly, sapphire of sheen,
Assailing with blue-mailed metals
The veiling soft sheaves of your petals!

O pale bind-weed, clamber to look at your grace
Where the gray pool turns amber, down, down to the base,
Where, from darkness that barred her, Nymphæa upsprings
To meet the sun's ardor and ope the green rings
That so steadfastly guard her till the month comes for yielding
Her gold-ingot treasure to the plundering pleasure
Of picaroon lovers on gossamer wings,
Who rob in despite of her broad leaves' upshielding.
A tanager flames in the hawthorn hedges,
While, safe from the harrow, along the marsh edges,
A humble brown sparrow breathes first a soft prayer
For the nest in the sedges, then flies in the air
To alight on a low-bending stalk of the yarrow
As he shouts out, exultant: "Away! Away, care!
Tears, begone! Fears, begone! Dread of the years, begone!
Light is good. Air is good. Life is good. God is good!"

Swell, little heart, with your mood, sing o'er the prairies your note,
Earth's benedicite good, hymned by your pulsating throat.
Grasses and flowers, far and nigh, sing from the thicket and sod.
Marsh-meadow, prairie, and sky, raise your hosannas to God.

—*Anne Higginson Spicer.*

THE BLUE GALE.

From North to East swings the blue gale
As turns a great wheel, loath to halt;
The Great Lake spreads his peacock tail,
Blue, green, beneath a vast blue vault.
The waves raise up their shouts amain,
Their lips are curving clean and proud;
The world is young and fresh again,
And Life comes singing full and loud.

—*Martin Schutze.*

SUNRISE UPON THE OCEAN.

Sunrise upon the ocean, vision splendid,
Lifting the soul from dust and doubt and time!
Who sees it once must feel his earth-hood ended;
If soul he has, it then begins to climb,
And from that moment all his life is blended
With beauty's essence and with joy sublime.

The stars grow brighter just ere night has fainted
Among her revellers at dawn of day;
How oft, O queen, my soul with fear attainted,
Have I besought thee, and thou wouldst not say,
Who dipped his brush in nameless suns and painted
Upon thy dreadful dome the milky way!

Then suddenly, at some celestial warning,
Night gathers all her jewels up in fear,
Save one rare brilliant, which impatient morning,
Who in the darkness standeth dimly near,
Hangs at her throat, content with such adorning,
So large it is, so liquid and so clear.

The leaden world to silver slowly brightens;
  The early breeze is blowing fresh and free;
Gayly our shallop skims the wave, and frightens
  Bevies of flying fish, that, flashing, flee—
A cloud of darting grasshoppers that whitens
  The shining meadows of the argent sea.

Behold the east, where morn has scattered roses
  And irises at the appointed hour,
And, lo! the god his sudden face exposes,
  Intolerable sign of life and power;
He comes, and in his warmth the world uncloses
  And opes its petals like a perfect flower!

—*George Horton.*

FROM PLAIN TO PEAK.

From hot low sands aflame with heat,
  From crackling cedars dripping odorous gum,
I ride to set my burning feet
  On heights whence Uncompagre's waters hum,
  From rock to rock, and run
    As white as wool.

My panting horse sniffs on the breeze
  The water smell, too faint for me to know;
But I can see afar the trees,
  Which tell of grasses where the asters blow,
  And columbines and clover bending low
    Are honey-full.

I catch the gleam of snow-fields, bright
  As burnished shields of tempered steel,

And round each sovereign lonely height
I watch the storm-clouds vault and reel,
Heavy with hail and trailing
Veils of sleet.

"Hurrah, my faithful! soon you shall plunge
Your burning nostril to the bit in snow;
Soon you shall rest where foam-white waters lunge
From cliff to cliff, and you shall know
No more of hunger or the flame of sand
Or windless desert's heat!"

—Hamlin Garland.

SONG.

Here in the north the snow lies deep;
The winds are keen with an edge that bites;
The days are short and long the nights;
And all that is gentle is dead or asleep.

Afar in the south the sunshine falls;
The winds blow soft with a lover-like kiss;
And all of the summer I fondly miss
Is awake and out of the distance calls.

—William S. Lord.

IN MARCH.

A meadow-lark flutes his bold, clear song
From the ploughed land flecked with snow;
The lake winds blow both cold and strong;
Bare, waiting trees bend low.

The old earth dreams with the mating song.
Soon wild March winds are through;
My heart doth woo with the meadow-lark's song
And joyous sings to you,—
To you, my love, to you.

—*Carrie Collins Reed.*

APRIL.

I loved her more than moon or sun—
There is no moon or sun for me;
Of lovely things to look upon,
The loveliest was she.

She does not hear me, though I sing—
And, oh, my heart is like to break!
The world awakens with the Spring,
But she—she does not wake!

—*Scharmel Iris.*

APRIL WEATHER.

If you could have a perfect day
To dream of when your life were done,
Would you choose one all clear, all gay—
If you could have a perfect day—
The airs above the wide green way
Sheer virgin blue with crystal sun—
If you could have a perfect day
To dream of when your life were done?

Or would you have it April's way,
Haphazard rain, haphazard sun,

Divine and sordid, clear and gray,
  Dyed like these hours' own work and play;
All shot with stains of tears and clay.
  Haphazard pain, haphazard fun—
If you could have a perfect day
  To dream of when your life were done?

—Edith Wyatt.

DO YOU FEAR THE WIND?

Do you fear the force of the wind,
  The slash of the rain?
Go face them and fight them,
  Be savage again.
Go hungry and cold like the wolf,
  Go wade like the crane:
The palms of your hand will thicken,
  The skin of your cheek will tan,
You'll grow ragged and weary and swarthy,
  But you'll walk like a man!

—Hamlin Garland.

THE BOBOLINK'S SONG.

  What sound,
  The world round,
Most mad joy can express?
What do you say or guess?
  Said the farmer gray:
  "This is what I say;
  This is what I think:

'Tis the note
From the straw-colored throat
Of the bobolink!
He is singing with a will;
There's a tink, tink, tinkle, and a gurgle and a thrill,
He has lilted all the gleaming meadow over,
He has bathed him in the fragrance of the clover,
He is drunk with the perfume
To the tip of every plume!
He is tumbling, pirouetting in his flight,
All awhirl a merry moment, then alight.
Dead is care!
He is riotously rich and has to spare;
He is flinging liquid silver to the air.
See him float!
See him gloat!
See him doat!
He is flaunting on the wing,
He is mad in all the glory of the day;
He has pitched to where the alder-bushes sway.
'*I* will teach you how to sing!'
All the other birds are mute.
He is hid among the green
And he plays the tambourine
And triangle and flute;
All a-tune
To the lushness and the living of the June!
The world round,
No other sound
Such mad joy can express.
I know! I do not guess!"
Said the farmer gray:
"That is what I say;

That is what I think.
'Tis the note
From the straw-colored throat
Of the bobolink!"

—*Stanley Waterloo.*

THE WHITE-THROAT.

High on a still unbudded bough,
You sing your measured song;
The wilderness is with me now,
A thousand memories throng.

The breathless grove, the windy hill
With popples all astir,
The wayside rose, the tinkling rill,
The flash of wing and fur.

The river, done with wandering,
The silver, silent shore—
These come before me while you sing,
These things, and many more.

Your music in the haunts of men
Is sweet as April's sun,
But oh it is as sweet again
Where unnamed waters run.

For in the brush the birds are few
That have the gift of song,
And so my heart goes out to you
The woodland way along.

—*Bert Leston Taylor*

'LONG DE KANKAKEE.

It's pretty place to be alone
  W'en evening shade is here,
De sun fall low behin' de tree
  In summer tam' of year;
De reevere drif' lazee along
  W'ere lush grasse grow so rank,—
I hear de cow-bell tinkling low
  On nodder side of bank.

My eyes she ees not close to all
  Dat ees me now before;
I lof' de eardt w'ere here I am,
  De sky w'ere eagle soar;
I lof' all tree w'en leaf ees green,
  De groun' dat's dot wid bloom
Of harebell, violet so shy
  Fill air wid dey're perfume.

Along de reevere Kankakee
  For forty year or more
I fin' a home for me an' femme
  Opon de timber shore.
We're young den wance, we bot' is com'
  From Kebeck far away,
An' settle here opon de State
  An' here we long tam' stay.

An' off to soudt for 'bout ten mile
  Was mos'ly swamp an' sloo,
It's covere' wid de tall green grass,
  Bullrush, an' cattail too.

De same place now is wavin' wid
De corn, de wheat an' rye,
An' w'ere de bittern wance tak' wing
De crow he now is fly.

De wil' grape trail overe de tree,
An' w'en I smell de bloom
It's lak' de glass of *vin du pays,*
So reech was de perfume.
W'en sun he com' down to de wes'
An reevere smood lak' floor,
He mak' de purple shadows dere,
It look lak' *chemin d'or.*

De robin an' de gray catbird
An' thrush she mak' a sing,
An w'en de sun sink out of sight
De Angelus he ring;
Den I walk home to small cabane,
W'ere dose leeve I am lof,',
De night is com' an' star he shine
From heaven op abof'.

—*Wallace Bruce Amsbary.*

CLOVER.

The clover's grassy breath,
To him who listeneth
Upon the pastured lea,
Is like the monotone
Of some far sheep-bell blown
From tranquil Arcady.

The airs of that last rose,
That late and crimson blows
  And frosted dies,
Smell, as in green and dew,
The first, first rose that blew
  In waking Paradise.

What fragrance, ages hence,
Shall tell the listening sense
  Of men who guess—
  Men whose far lives shall range
On paths remote and strange—
  Our happiness?

—*Edith Wyatt.*

SWEET CLOVER.

Within what weeks the melilot
  Gave forth its fragrance, I, a lad,
Or never knew or quite forgot,
  Save that 'twas while the year is glad.

Now know I that in bright July
  It blossoms; and the perfume fine
Brings back my boyhood, until I
  Am steeped in memory as with wine.

Now know I that the whole year long,
  Though Winter chills or Summer cheers,
It writes along the weeks its song,
  Even as my youth sings through my years.

—*Wallace Rice.*

BARBERRIES.

You say I touch the barberries
As a lover his mistress?
What a curious fancy!
One must be delicate, you know.
They have bitter thorns.
You say my hand is hurt?
Oh no, it was my breast—
It was crushed and pressed—
I mean—why yes, of course, of course—
There is a bright drop, isn't there?
Right on my finger,
Just the color of a barberry,
But it comes from my heart.

Do you love barberries?
In the autumn,
When the sun's desire
Touches them to glory of crimson and gold—
I love them best then—
There is something splendid about them,
They are not afraid
Of being warm and glad and bold.
They flush joyously,
Like a cheek under a lover's kiss;
They bleed cruelly,
Like a dagger wound in the breast;
They flame up madly for their little hour
Knowing they must die—
Do you love barberries?

—Mary Aldis.

TUBEROSE.

Flower, that I hold in my hand,
Waxen and white and unwoful,
Perfect with your race's lovely perfection.
Pure as the dream of a child just descended from the heavens,
Chaste as the thought of the maid on whose sight first shines the glow of love's planet,
Trustful as a boy who holds the world in hands of power unrelaxing,
Flower, graceful, lovely,
Lo! I give you to the waves that roll across the ocean's expanses.

I watch you like a star on the waters,
I watch you floating away in the distance;
The ocean gives you reception and dwelling,
The ocean with the sweep of its world-encircling currents,
With its storms and winds,—
Mutable home where all is each and each is other.

You show no signs of terror,
You float to the mid-most whirlpool,
You are made one with the unending streams,
The moon and stars are reflected in your changed bosom,
The measureless winds enfold you with love as a garment,
Night and day and time are contained in your embraces,
Clouds emerge from your heart and return,

Life and death are as slender ripples across your
central calmness,
Hope and wishing and longing and tumult are over,
Unto the all, your cradle and grave, your father-
mother,
You have returned,
O flower transfigured!
O flower having reached your fruition!

—*Louis James Block.*

WATER LILIES.

Upon the surface of the river lie
White water lilies; left to drift they seem,
Yet changing winds and currents they defy.

So may my faith, deep-rooted, rest secure
Upon the surface of life's running stream,
And every change of circumstance endure.

—*William S. Lord.*

A TRIBUTE OF GRASSES.

To W. W.

Serene, vast head, with silver cloud of hair
Lined on the purple dusk of death,
A stern medallion, velvet set—
Old Norseman, throned, not chained upon thy chair,
Thy grasp of hand, thy hearty breath
Of welcome thrills me yet
As when I faced thee there!

Loving my plain as thou thy sea,
Facing the East as thou the West,
I bring a handful of grass to thee,—
The prairie grasses I know the best;
Type of the wealth and width of the plain,
Strong of the strength of the wind and sleet,
Fragrant with sunlight and cool with rain,
I bring it and lay it low at thy feet,
Here by the eastern sea.

—Hamlin Garland.

SILVER BIRCHES.

To M. C.

The fire-god with his flaming brand
Has passed this way and worked his will,
And still the silver birches stand,
A ghostly huddle on the hill,

But wraiths of birches, tempest-blown,
Yet all their glory is not fled.
I love them for the "beauty flown",
And will not think that they are dead.

The flame has scorched, the gale has bent,
The elements have had their will,
Yet all their beauty is not spent,
The silver lingers on the hill.

When of our youth we are bereft
We love, I heard a woman say,
The chastened beauty that is left
When time has worn the bloom away.

—Bert Leston Taylor.

WHILE LILACS BLOOM.

I love God's gifts—the trees, the ferns,
The cups of gold strewn o'er the sod,
The sun-faced flower that mornward turns,
The hollyhock and goldenrod;
The pansy, too, with eyes like night,
The roadside thistle's fairy globes,
The cherry tree arrayed in white,
The maple in its autumn robes.
The trailing arbutus can lure
Me sometimes from the town away,
The wood-born violet demure
Hath caused me farther on to stray.
Even now a slender poplar sings
Near one far lake, while Luna shines:
Across the years sweet memory brings
The threnody of northern pines.

I know a garden walled around
With rubble, near the city's heart.
Within that fragrant bit of ground
Groweth for me a thing apart
From all the rest—a bush now bare,
But soon with wondrous life to stir,
Its blossoms sweetening all the air,
Purple and white and lavender.
The overarching sky may glow,
Or spread a canopy of gloom;
But to that spot each day I'll go
As to a shrine, while lilacs bloom.

—*Charles Wesley Anderson.*

WAYSIDE FLOWERS.

Along the roadside of the days
  The fairest flowers grow;
Who haunt the sheltered garden plots,
  No sweet surprise can know.

How glad the hour when pilgriming,
  We tire of dust and clod,
Then come upon a rare wild rose—
  A very gift from God.

—Thomas Curtis Clark.

JUNE.

Out in the meadows clangor and din!
  Bobolinks jubilant over the clover,
Poised above it or hidden in;
Reeling, shouting song upon song—
  Shouting the same tune over and over,
Drunken with melody all day long.

Over the uplands, idle, cool,
  Truant winds with the sunshine wander,
Wrinkling the sleeping face of the pool—
Swaying the rose's graceful head
  That bends its blushing cheek to ponder
The sweet false words the bees have said.

—Clara Doty Bates.

UNDER THE BLUE.

The skies are low, the winds are slow,
  The woods are filled with autumn glory;

The mists are still on field and hill,
  The brooklet sings its dreamy story.

I careless rove through glen and grove;
  I dream by hill and copse and river;
Or in the shade by aspen made
  I watch the restless shadows quiver.

I lift my eyes to azure skies
  That shed their tinted glory o'er me;
While memories sweet around me fleet,
  As radiant as the scene before me.

For while I muse upon the hues
  Of autumn skies in splendor given,
Sweet thoughts arise of rare deep eyes
  Whose blue is like the blue of heaven.

Bend low, fair skies! Smile sweet, fair eyes!
  From radiant skies rich hues are streaming;
But in the blue of pure eyes true
  The radiance of my life is beaming.

O skies of blue! ye fade from view;
  Faint grow the hues that o'er me quiver;
But the sure light of sweet eyes bright
  Shines on forever and forever.

—Francis Fisher Browne.

WITH A SPRAY OF APPLE BLOSSOMS.

The promise of these fragrant flowers,
  The fruit that 'neath these blossoms lies
Once hung, they say, in Eden's bowers,
  And tempted Eve in Paradise.

O fairest daughter of Eve's blood,
Lest her misprision thine should be,
I've nipped temptation in the bud
And send this snowy spray to thee.

—*Walter Learned.*

UNDER THE CYPRESSES.

Under the cypresses
No nightingales will sing this spring;
For I have strewn the ground
With the shard of broken illusions,
And I will build of them a citadel of austerity
With towers whence I can search the sky
For a rainbow that is stronger than painted china.

Dear nightingales,
There are still the saccharine gardens of Verona,
Where the moon-moth waves his fragile wings.

—*Mitchell Dawson.*

THE TREES.

The Sun came onward, scourging all the stars
Out of his temple. Maples, oaks, and elms
Stood foiled in gold, and sheltered timid airs
That scarcely moved from fear of March the Lion
Sleeping hard by. Thus passed a day of summer
Truant out of June, its wandering hours
Delighting Winter, calling heaven down,
And luring birds to love-songs.

Blear, unkempt,
The waking Lion roared; the pale North Wind
Sped from his realm. All terrified, the trees
Made lowly genuflections through the night,
Confessed their sin, and moaned for clemency;
Yet when their friend, the poet came to them,
He found long rows of woody penitents
Dressed with disgrace—in convict garb of snow—
And wailing. "I myself am hurt," he said.
"So, if ye grieve, my barer woes may speak,
For ye have gnarléd circles round your hearts
Buckler on buckler. Strike your Eolian dirge—
Song of the sepulchre! O cruel years!
O Friendship's welcome turned to Venom's coil!—
O youth's ambition grown to manhood's greed!—
O spring of hope, and pale North Wind of Death!
Yea, weep, you maples, oaks and elms!" he cried;
"Ye are my better tongue, ye are my wo;
I saw your icy lord, I heard your prayers,
I know your sentence—sound our misery!"

—John McGovern.

THE GIANT CACTUS OF ARIZONA.

The cactus in the desert stands
  Like time's inviolate sentinel,
Watching the sun-washed waste of sands
  Lest they their ancient secrets tell.
And the lost love of mournful lands
  It knows alone and guards too well.

Wiser than Sphynx or pyramid,
  It points a stark hand at the sky,

And all the stars alight or hid
  It counts as they go rolling by;
And mysteries the gods forbid
  Darken its heavy memory.

I asked how old the world was—yea,
  And why yon ruddy mountains grew
Out of hell's fire. By night nor day
  It answered not, though all it knew,
But lifted, as it stopped my way,
  Its wrinkled fingers toward the blue.

Inscrutable and stern and still
  It waits the everlasting doom.
Races and years may do their will—
  Lo, it will rise above their tomb,
Till the drugged earth has drunk her fill
  Of sun, and falls asleep in gloom.

—Harriet Monroe.

A HOPI PASTORAL.

I in the melons and you on the steep
Of the half-barren mesa-slope, trailing your sheep,
  Why tarry so long,
  And what is your song
Whose sweets to my ear from the brown mesa creep?
  "Lo-lomai!
    Lo-lomai!
Maid in the melons,
  Your dark glossy hair,
Of its arches grown weary,
  On your brown shoulders bare
Is yearning to fall, like the sweet summer rain
On the warm glowing sands of the desolate plain!"

I in the melons and you on the steep,
While your love-hallowed notes from the brown mesa leap,
Hark to my song,
As you loiter along
Far in the wake of your faint-lowing sheep:
"Lo-lomai!
Lo-lomai!
Youth on the mesa,
Allured by your prayer,
Unwound from its arches,
My dark, flowing hair
O'er my shoulders has dropped, like the slant summer rain
That drenches the sands of the broad desert plain!"

—*Harrison Conrard.*

ON ELWHA'S RUGGED SHORE.

[Pantoum]

I dreamed on Elwha's rugged shore,
Beneath the tall, primeval pines;
Above the river's mellow roar
I heard the tramp of warlike lines.

Beneath the tall, primeval pines
I saw the Redmen come again
I heard the tramp of warlike lines,
I saw the corpses of the slain.

I saw the Redmen come again
With bow and arrow, ax and spear,
I saw the corpses of the slain,
I heard the death chant low and drear.

With bow and arrow, ax and spear,
And then o'er Europe's stretches vast
I heard the death chant low and drear,
The present melded in the past.

And then o'er Europe's stretches vast
I saw the armored hosts arrayed,
The present melded in the past,
The widowed mother, ruined maid.

I saw the armored hosts arrayed,
The skies with conflagration red,
The widowed mother, ruined maid
Sad-eyed and lone among the dead.

The skies with conflagration red,
Above the river's mellow roar;
Sad-eyed and lone among the dead
I dreamed on Elwha's rugged shore.

—Charles Eugene Banks.

WHO LOVES THE RAIN.

Who loves the rain,
And loves his home,
And looks on life with quiet eyes
Him will I follow through the storm;
And at his hearth-fire keep me warm;
Nor hell nor heaven
Shall that soul surprise,
Who loves the rain,
And loves his home
And looks on life with quiet eyes.

—Frances Shaw.

LITTLE PAGAN RAIN SONG.

In the dark and peace of my final bed,
The wet grass waving above my head,
At rest from love, at rest from pain,
I lie and listen to the rain.

Falling, softly falling,
Song of my soul that is free;
Song of my soul that has not forgot
The sleeping body of me.

When quiet and calm and straight I lie,
High in the air my soul rides by:
Shall I await thee, soul, in vain?
Hark to the answer in the rain.

Falling, softly falling,
Song of my soul that is free;
Song of my soul that will not forget
The sleeping body of me.

—Frances Shaw.

A MOOD.

Outside the rain falls sullenly. The day
Was ne'er so dreary as this day, it seems.
Gay voices near me laugh the hours away
Nor find the time for melancholy dreams.
What is it on my spirit seems to pall?—
Grim something that I cannot put away!
I have no hurt, no sorrow to recall—
And yet—and yet, how sorrowful the day.

—Vincent Starrett.

AFTER RAIN.

It is so quiet after rain,
  The little time of tempest past;
No more the creaking boughs complain,
And motionless each forest mast.
No more by rude assaulter pressed
  That tore the lilies from her brow,
The weary world reclines at rest,
  And Nature sweetly slumbers now.
No whirl of dust runs up the lane—
It is so quiet after rain.

It is so quiet after rain:
  There neither shadow is nor sun;
No blazing yellow burns the plain;
  Unglittering the waters run.
The forest things are quiet things,
  The pine is silent as the palm;
For ev'ry little tempest brings
  The recompense of perfect calm.
Unmoving stands the bended grain—
It is so quiet after rain.

It is so quiet after rain,
  The little time of tempest done,
We scarcely wish to have again
  The blazing splendor of the sun.
It is the hour of sun nor storm
  That to the humble seems the best,
When gentle earth is moist and warm,
  And tender as a mother's breast.
There neither pleasure is nor pain—
It is so quiet after rain.

—Douglas Malloch.

FOG.

The fog comes
on little cat feet.

It sits looking
over harbor and city
on silent haunches
and then moves on.

—*Carl Sandburg.*

THE WREN.

Sing on, you little wren,
  And thrill the world with joy;
Beyond the thought of men
  God gave you this employ.
Pour your dear heart away!
  Man hears you not; for him
Is not the roundelay
  That wakes the seraphim.

—*George F. Butler.*

THE DRAGON FLY.

Mine is the song of the soul, of the spirit immortal of life;
  Waking in dread and joy from the slumberous rest of the night,
Crowned with the seal of the ghost, I glory and yearn to the strife—
  To follow and master the ways of the tune and the tear and the light.

In streams of shimmering slime my lazy life began,
In the paths of the mystic places, in the sound of the secret things;
Mine was the revel of youth, in the words that the ripples span,
Till the summer-gods taught the song, the Song of the Glittering Wings.

Then to my spirit was granted the mutable kingdom of air,
The blaze of the sun upon water, the pearl of a misty moon,—
These are the treasures they gave me, to hold and to conquer and share,
Till the tale of my days was written in a reckless, wildering rune.

And now my treasure is empty, my prodigal song is done,
The road the sunshine showed me is lost in a silent wood;
The gods can aid no further, the goal of the flight is won;—
The glittering wings shall fold, and the peace at the last shall be good.

—Thomas Wood Stevens.

A LITTLE GREEN ISLE.

There's a little green isle, with the pine-tops above, in a little Canadian wild;
There's a sky all a-smile, like the glory of love that illumines the face of a child;

There's a boat on the shore, that is poised as a bird
ere it flutters away to its nest—
But a touch of the oar, but a whispering word, and it
flies to the region of rest.

Oh, the trees over there have a different green from
the trees in the cities of men,
And the mantle they wear is the garb of a queen
where an Eden arises again.
Oh, the wilderness rose has a different hue and the
balsam a different balm—
There a land of repose gently beckons to you from
a heavenly haven of calm.

When the cares of the day lie a load on the heart,
when the soul is a-weary of sin,
Then I paddle away to a region apart where no
sorrow of old enters in.
There the velvety grass greets the faltering feet that
are hurt by the highway they tread,
And the zephyrs that pass me are laden with sweet,
with the perfume of pines overhead.

Little boat on the shore, I am coming, and then I
shall sunder the shackles of care;
With a hand on the oar, I shall guide you again to
the little loved isle over there.
And I pray, at the last, when the wanderings end,
that the heavens as tenderly smile—
When the river is passed, that we come, little friend,
to a haven as fair as the isle.

—Douglas Malloch.

SHADOWS.

Shadowy bowers and shadowy towers,
  Beside a shadowy stream;
And in those bowers and in those towers
  The ghosts of many a dream.
I saw them all last night, in sleep,
  And ever they haunt me here—
Shadowy bowers and shadowy towers
  And ghosts of many a year.

Shadowy bowers and shadowy towers,
  Beside a shadowy tide;
And in those bowers and in those towers
  My soul would now abide.
For, O, this frame is only dust
  That whirls in the wind away;
Shadowy bowers and shadowy towers
  And ghosts—they live for aye.

—Charles G. Blanden.

AMERICA.

I hear America singing . . .
  And the great prophet passed,
Serene, clear and untroubled
  Into the silence vast.

When will the master-poet
  Rise, with vision strong,
To mold her manifold music
  Into a living song?

I hear America singing . . .
Beyond the beat and stress,
The chant of her shrill, unjaded,
Empiric loveliness.

Laughter, beyond mere scorning,
Wisdom surpassing wit,
Love, and the unscathed spirit,
These shall encompass it.

—*Alice Corbin.*

UNDER THE STARS.

Tell me what sail the seas
Under the stars?
Ships, and ships' companies,
Off to the wars.

Steel are the ship's great sides,
Steel are her guns,
Backward she thrusts the tides,
Swiftly she runs;

Steel is the sailor's heart,
Stalwart his arm,
His the Republic's part
Through cloud and storm.

Tell me what standard rare
Streams from the spars?
Red stripes and white they bear,
Blue, with bright stars:

Red for brave hearts that burn
With liberty,
White for the peace they earn
Making men free,

Stars for the Heaven above,—
Blue for the deep,
Where, in their country's love,
Heroes shall sleep.

Tell me why on the breeze
These banners blow?
Ships, and ships' companies,
Eagerly go

Warring, like all our line,
Freedom to friend
Under this starry sign,
True to the end.

Fair is the Flag's renown,
Sacred her scars,
Sweet the death she shall crown
Under the stars.

—*Wallace Rice.*

ILLINOIS!

O'er thy rivers, gently flowing,
Illinois, Illinois,
Where thy stately corn is growing,
Illinois, Illinois,

Hark! that word to us, so dear,
With its message bold and clear,
'Tis the name we love to hear,
Illinois, Illinois,—
'Tis the name we love to hear,
Illinois!

See! 'mid flow'rs in mighty measure,
Illinois, Illinois,
Golden Rod, thy yellow treasure,
Illinois, Illinois,
'Tis the emblem of thy host
Gathered here from ev'ry coast—
Stalwart hearts, thy pride and boast,
Illinois, Illinois,
Stalwart hearts, thy pride and boast,
Illinois!

Pride of all thy sons and daughters,
Illinois, Illinois,
By thy peopled inland waters,
Illinois, Illinois,
Fair Chicago, great and grand,
Wealth and progress on each hand,
Welcome gives to ev'ry land,
Illinois, Illinois,
Welcome gives to ev'ry land,
Illinois!

Thou hast heard thy Country calling,
Illinois, Illinois,

Mid the din of War appalling,
Illinois, Illinois,
Then thy courage and thy will
Rose each heart to fire and thrill!
Brave and loyal thou art still,
Illinois, Illinois,
Brave and loyal thou art still,
Illinois!

While thy Lincoln's fame is cherished.
Illinois, Illinois,
Till thy Logan's name has perished,
Illinois, Illinois,
While thy Grant shall honored be
Thro' our Nation grand and free,
We shall love and honor thee,
Illinois, Illinois,
We shall love and honor thee,
Illinois!

While thy glory we are singing,
Illinois, Illinois,
Loyal homage to thee bringing,
Illinois, Illinois,
Let us praise His holy Name
Thro' Whose might all good we claim,
Who has wrought thy wondrous fame,
Illinois, Illinois,
Who has wrought thy wondrous fame,
Illinois!

—Frederick M. Steele.

CHICAGO: AN ODE.

Mother, Mother and Queen, beautiful, strong, and alert,
Rich in motherhood's riches, in diligent children and wise,
Clad as the mighty are clad, with azure and sable engirt,
Wonder of waters about you, and swirling of toil-laden skies,

Beautiful are you with labor, that children of men may be blest,
Lovely as mothers are lovely in youth with a child at the breast,
Comely with duties fulfilled and glorious justice beyond,
Mystic and wistful with dreams, noble ideals and fond!

Royal your rule and secure over a broadening realm,
Workshop and coffer and mart, palace and playground and street,
Circled by ocean-like prairies that suns of summer o'erwhelm
League upon league with harvests waving and golden and sweet.

Strong are you in your children welcomed from every land,
Led by the seekers of old, those who gave hardship their hand,

Myriads strong in their manhood, eager to found them a state
Void of dullards and drones, liberty-loving, elate!

Musing you sit by your sea, fairest of all in the world,
Amethyst, beryl, and gleam, bordered with ivory foam,
Led by your wisdom afar, where the Father of Waters is whirled
Down to the sapphirine Gulf—such is your throne and our home!

Wonder we then that encrowned you love all the beauty of earth,
Marvels of color and music, art in its making and mirth,
Sending your children abroad who loveliness take as their bride,
Cherishing bounty of books and Learning and Science in pride.

O Great City of Visions, justice your sword and your star,
Beautiful, strong, and alert, a goddess in purpose and mien
Guarding America's altar, to battle the wrongs that still are,
Here are bold hearts and brave souls, Mother, dear Mother and Queen!

—*Wallace Rice.*

THE CHICAGO RIVER.

They have bound me with bridges,
With tunnels burrowed under me!
Incessant, unresting,
All day and all night
Traffic roars over me,
And my uplook to the blessed sky
Is barred with girders, cables, stacks.
My banks, with docks close hedged,
Inexorably
Hem me in.
Vacantly,
Through smoke and floating smudge,
The Sun looks down upon me
Like the bleared eye of an old, old man.
No outcast of the gutters
Slinks by more soiled than I,
Polluted within and without!

But on my shackled breast I bear
Corn and iron, lumber and coal.
The little children of India eat of my wheat;
My lumber shelters the stricken of Messina;
Ten million wheels are set a-whirl with my coal;
The iron that burdens me forms a ready tool,
Fit for the hand of man.

What singer can sing of me one low-keyed song?
The Hudson, the Rhine, the Danube, the Nile,
All these, all have their poets,
As beautiful women their lovers.
Fringed with vineyards and stately gardens,

Castles and temples are their jewels,
And song is theirs by right!

But I?
Soiled am I and brackish
As sweat on the brow of a workman!
But the broad ships that weight my breast
Are like iron medals with these words wrought:
"FOR SERVICE."
Therein alone is my glory:
I serve; I serve.

—*Charlton Lawrence Edholm.*

THE RIVER ST. JOE.

Where the bumblebee sips and the clover is red,
And the zephyrs come laden with peachblow perfume,
Where the thistle-down pauses in search of the rose
And the myrtle and woodbine and wild ivy grows;
Where the catbird pipes up and it sounds most divine
Off there in the branches of some lonely pine;
Oh, give me the spot that I once used to know
By the side of the placid old River St. Joe!

How oft on its banks I have sunk in a dream,
Where the willows bent over me kissing the stream,
My boat with its nose sort of resting on shore,
While the cattails stood guarding a runaway oar;
It appeared like to me, that they sort of had some
Way of knowing that I would soon get overcome,
With the meadow lark singing just over the spot
I didn't care whether I floated or not—
Just resting out there for an hour or so
On the banks of the tranquil old River St. Joe.

Where the tall grasses nod at the close of the day,
And the sycamore's shadow is slanting away—
Where the whip-poor-will chants from a far distant
limb
Just as if the whole business was all made for him.
Oh! it's now that my thoughts, flying back on the
wings
Of the rail and the die-away song that he sings,
Brings the tears to my eyes that drip off into rhyme,
And I live once again in the old summer time;
For my soul it seems caught in old time's under-tow
And I'm floating away down the River St. Joe.

—Ben King.

AT BEACH ST. MARY.

The long brown arm thrusts out to sea
A headland lost in sliding sands;
So Time indents Eternity;
We live on Being's borderlands.

Man builds his lighthouse of Desire,
Waits here to greet a coming sail;
Brings golden oil for Hope's faint fire,
And will not let his beacon fail.

Here on the fronting height abide
The prophets with their faith divine;
Here see they first the moon-drawn tide
Tremble along Life's limit-line.

Afar beyond, from shores unseen,
Thrusts out an arm enflowered and strong;

And they who watch there hear, I ween,
The same deep-billowed ocean-song.

And deeper than the sea, below
Unmeasured calm of thunder-shock,
'Neath darksome mystery and glow,
Firm lies the floor of hidden rock.

—*Frank W. Gunsaulus.*

ON LITTLE TRAVERSE BAY.

The sparkle of the North was in the air
And never lake so blue, or sky so fair
As when I saw the little yachts at play
Upon the dancing waters of the bay.

They raced away, and from the farther shore
Whose hills rise green above Petoskey, bore
Beyond the Point; then paused, afraid to brave
The menace of the great lake's larger wave.

They turned, their white sails leaning in the sun,
And homeward fled, and when the day was done
They fired their little guns, and lay at rest,
Safe on the inner harbor's peaceful breast.

With evening rose the storm's portentous dirge
Above the dark and melancholy surge;
The harbor's warning light burned round and red
Against the black night's thickly gathering dread.

And then a schooner, old, and scarred, and slow,
Its heavy hull with lumber laden low,
Went out into the lake, its sails unfurled,
To do the honest labor of the world.

—*Brand Whitlock.*

AT EAGLE BLUFF.

From this bold rampart, by eternity
Thrown up against the slow assaults of change,
The valley seems unending; stately, slow
The labyrinthine river winds along
The horned bases of the solemn hills;
Stretches of prairie lie beyond, with wheat
And hay and corn in patterns intricate
Of some enormous game, the tiny barns
And nestled houses for the counters to it.
A marsh lies next, a bed of black and green,
And far across, the blue Wisconsin hills
Rim up the valley's edge.
The colors change,
Slow-shifting back and forth from dark to light,
By acres and by miles. It is the clouds—
They float like pageants down the shimmering sky,
Huge galleons of white that sail and sail
An infinite ocean under cloudy capes
And walled and misty towns. . . .
Those are not clouds,
Those ponderous shapes of white! They are the gods,
Borne on their catafalques of stainless pride
To some gigantic grave—they are the gods,
The ancient gods, now mercifully dead.

They did not think to die as they desired,
Weary with all the bitterness of heaven
That could not help the waywardness of fools;
Weary, beside, with bitterness of life,
Life everlasting, life insatiate,
Life like a slow fire unescapable,
Burdened with life as men with fear of death.

Was there no other end for them, with all
Their thunders and their priests and hecatombs,
Thus, thus to drift in death before the wind,
No other end, O unintelligible
And tongueless gulf of air, no other end?
Lo! The white-armed, the sea-born Aphrodite,
Lo! The curled brow and puzzled frown of Zeus,
Dead Pallas on her shield—O Wisdom, where,
Where is thy cunning now? And now Apollo
Dead on his bier, and yet the sun still shines.

And who are these on strange and carven barges,
Gigantic, dim, two-headed, some like dogs
And some like eagles—Thoth and Ophois
And Isis and Osiris—are they dead,
Despite the changeless pyramids, despite
Karnak and Elephantis and the sands
That blow round Memnon's statue?
Viking ships
Bear after them the raven-guarded Odin,
Thor with his hammer, Balder and the Norns,
Their pyres aflame behind them where the sun
Burns like a death-ship.
These are almond-eyed
And many-armed, or brown and hideous,
Wild deities that to our western ears
Are named uncouthly—they are dead, and India
Knows not nor cares, and Ganges through his leagues
Flows yet untroubled, and the Chinese bells
Ring, and the lotus blossoms in Japan.

And lastly comes a crucifix like snow,
And one upon it whiter than his bier. . . .

The gods are dead. . . . Only the wind drives on,
Drives them before it as a flock of sheep.
The gods are dead; where are the gods? O seek,
Seek in the upper chambers of the world
And find them with the never-dying wind.
It freshens now—the milk-white barges haste,
Pass and dissolve and fall in summer rain.

—Howard Mumford Jones.

TENNESSEE.

In Tennessee, the dogwood tree
Blossoms to-night; towards the sea
The Cumberland makes melody,
In Tennessee.

And Morgan mounts his steed once more;
In phantom file his troopers pour
Along; the stars hear once again
The song of Morgan and his men.

In Tennessee, the slave is free
To-night; but waking he can see
The raiders—hears them—tremblingly,
In Tennessee.

—Francis Brooks.

SANTA BARBARA.

Between the mountains and the sea,
  Walled by the rock, fringed by the foam,
A valley stretches fair and free
  Beneath the blue of heaven's dome.

At rest in that fair valley lies
  Saint Barbara, the beauteous maid;
Above her head the cloudless skies
  Smile down upon her charms displayed.

The sunlit mountains o'er her shed
  The splendor of their purple tinge;
While round her like a mantle spread
  The blue seas with their silver fringe.

Enfolded in that soothing calm,
  The earth seems sweet, and heaven near;
The flowers bloom free, the air is balm,
  And summer rules the radiant year.

—Francis Fisher Browne.

AT WINDERMERE.

From Orrest Head, fair Windermere
  Lies smiling in the summer sun,
The clouds float lazily above;
  A pearly gem appears each one.

How peaceful is the quiet scene!
  The village seems a place of rest
Where no harsh wind could ever blow
  To stir the lake's smooth, quiet breast;

And Langdale Pikes pierce heaven's blue—
  As calm as sentinels they stand
Guarding the sun-illumined vale,
  The fairest scene in all the land.

A head shows over Langdale Pikes;
The spirit of the storm is there.
She rises glorious and strong
And rides upon the summer air.

She sweeps away the fleecy clouds
That dotted heaven's still expanse
And calls her legions, dark and wild,
With mighty voice and shining lance.

Lake Windermere grows gray and grim,
Her ripples change to mighty wave,
The boats toss on her heaving breast,
The shore her angry waters lave.

The trees bend low before the blast,
Then wave their arms like furies wild,
And rains enough to deluge earth
Within the thunder-clouds seem piled.

Storm spirits sweep above my head,
Their trailing garments brush my hair;
Next moment they have disappeared
And Windermere is still and fair.

The sun shines on the tranquil scene;
Again soft summer clouds appear;
Then storm again, then glowing clouds,—
This is a day at Windermere.

—Bertha H. Blake.

SPRING IN ENGLAND.

O the thrill of an English, north country spring!
When the black caps and meadow larks soar and sing,
When the air in purple and silver is dressed,
And the sun with a warmth of promise is blessed;
When the sap in the winter-bound hazel leaps,
And an ecstasy over the brown earth sweeps.

Every foot of chill ground its own glory flaunts,
And the flocks and the herds desert winter haunts;
For the scent of the pioneer grass is keen,
And they pant for a taste of the first young green.

The leaves of the larches and sycamores creep
From out the love buds, where these mysteries sleep;
The fell-side is tapestried over with gold,
O, the daffodil's fortune can not be told!

A carpet of violets yielding and sweet
All embedded in moss grows thick at your feet.
Drop the wrinkles of care, and bury your face
In its blue, bewildering fragrance and grace;

The crags are above, and the wet earth below,
But pray, why should you care, or why should you know?
For the new is the old, and old the new;
All nature is yours, and all nature is you.

The waves of expectancy quiver and blow,
With the colors of things only dreamers know;
O, the wild, wooing wind, and rhythmical rhyme
Of a Westmoreland wood, in daffodil time.

—*Mattie Balch Loring.*

A SONG FOR IRELAND.

Why do you call me so, mother, mother?
  Why do you call me so over the sea?
O I am weary, my son, and foresaken.
  The voice of my loneliness calls unto thee.

Why are you lonely, mother, mother?
  Why are you lonely over the sea?
My beautiful fields have they taken, taken,
  They have taken my beautiful fields from me.

Why do you want me, mother, mother?
  Why do you want me over the sea?
The sons of my love must arise and redeem me.
  I have bled for them, they shall bleed for me.

See, I am coming, mother, mother!
  See, I am coming over the sea!
A precious and bitter boon will I give thee—
  The gift of death for the love of me.

—Florence Kiper Frank.

NORWAY.

Winter has its icy crown
  Pressed round Norway's temples hoary;
Midnight's sun has showered down
  On her head its glory.

Time's swift waves their power broke
  'Gainst her ancient rocks and bowlders;
And the sea its misty cloak
  Flung around her shoulders.

But when easeful Summer sinks
  O'er the gleaming fiords and valleys,
Bursts the wood-lake's wintry links
  And the lily's chalice—

Oh, what throbbing life aglow!
  Oh, how fair the birch and willow,
And the gulls that drift like snow
  O'er the rippling billow.

Giant-like the glacier looms,
  Seaward throws its branches mazy;
And on Winter's bosom blooms
  Fearlessly the daisy.

Lo! the wild, bright peaks that shine
  Through the clouds that veil their bosom,
At whose foot, 'mid birch and pine,
  Fragile lilies blossom!

Here it was where Frithjof gay
  Wooed King Belé's fair-haired daughter;
Here she sang the sweet, sad lay
  Which her love had taught her.

Hence those vikings sprung whose sword
  Waked the South from idle dalliance;
Who in Vineland's rivers moored
  Dauntlessly their galleons.

Now, alas! that age hath fled,
  Fled the spirit that upbore it.
Ah, but still doth midnight shed
  Flaming splendor o'er it.

And the fame which curbed the sea,
  Spanned the sky with runes of fire,
Now but rustles tremblingly
  Through the poet's lyre.
—*Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen.*

A BALLADE OF OLD FANCIES.

The mists of night that hang above the Sea,
  The thrill of yearning in the dying hymn,
The storied secrets of antiquity
  That lurk within that sepulchre so dim,
The gloom that shrouds the fallen seraphim,
  The lilt of triumph that the victor sung,—
The legends of the years are plain to him
  Who stores old fancies in a heart that's young.

The racing seasons leave a legacy
  Of lights that flicker and of eyes that dim,—
The Past hath lost itself, in courtesy,
  And left the Future's fingers free to limn
His Fancy's likeness on the carven rim
  Wherefrom the draught of Lethe bathes the tongue,—
One image lives impregnable for him
  Who stores old fancies in a heart that's young.

A treasure Time has guarded jealously,
  An Image, beautiful, elusive, slim,
A marvel of unearthly witchery,—
  Fair as a faery and as light of limb
As they who danced by phantom river's brim,—

By such remembrance in his spirit wrung
A wraith from Long Ago is loved of him
Who stores old fancies in a heart that's young.

L'ENVOI

Dear Lady, I your shrine with garlands trim,
Where should the spoils of emperors be hung,—
Be thou my Image; let me stand for him
Who stores old fancies in a heart that's young.

—*Alden Charles Noble.*

PRESAGE.

O hush thee, rest thee, little son
Upon my quiet breast!
My rose-red blood runs fast and warm,
O sacred seedling blest!
It thrills the very soul of me
To hear thy heart beat joyously.

The marvel of thy magic hand
(Like rose-leaf held in mine);
Two tiny feet that press my side—
Thrill in my veins like wine;
Did Mary ever feel more bliss
Than I, when my sweet babe I kiss?

Through solemn vigils of the night
When all the earth holds breath—
I feel the life I gave thee move
And yet I muse on Death.

Ah, me! What fears a mother knows
Before the dawn of morning glows!

Lie closer, closer, little son,
  Against my throbbing heart!
What is there in the moaning wind
  To make the salt tears start?
A dreadful voice calls hauntingly
With sorrow fraught and mystery.

—*Scharmel Iris.*

THE BACCHANTE TO HER BABE.

Come, sprite, and dance! The sun is up,
The wind runs laughing down the sky
That brims the morning like a cup.
Sprite, we must race him,
We must chase him,
    You and I,
And skim across the fuzzy heather
You and joy and I together
    Whirling by!

You merry little roll of fat,
Made warm to kiss, and smooth to pat,
And round to toy with, like a cub;
To put one's nozzle in and rub
And breathe you in like breath of kine,
    Like juice of vine,
That sets my morning heart a-tingling,
Dancing, jingling,
All the glad abandon mingling
    Of wind and wine!

Sprite, you are love, and you are joy,
A happiness, a dream, a toy,
A god to laugh with,
Love to chaff with,
The sun come down in tangled gold,
The moon to kiss, and spring to hold.
There was a time once, long ago,
Long—oh, long since—I scarcely know.
Almost I had forgot . . .
There was a time when you were not,
You merry sprite, save as a strain,
The strange dull pain
Of green buds swelling
In warm, straight dwelling
That must burst to the April rain.
A little heavy I was then
And dull—and glad to rest. And when
The travail came,
The searing flame . . .
But, sprite, that was so long ago!—
A century!—I scarcely know.
Almost I had forgot
When you were not.

So, little sprite, come dance with me!
The sun is up, the wind is free!
Come now and trip it,
Romp and skip it,
Earth is young and so are we.
Sprite, you and I will dance together
On the heather,
Glad with all the procreant earth,
With all the fruitage of the trees,

And golden pollen on the breeze,
With plants that bring the grain to birth,
With beast and bird,
Feathered and furred,
With youth and hope and life and love,
And joy thereof—
While we are part of all, we two—
For my glad burgeoning in you!

So merry little roll of fat,
Made warm to kiss and smooth to pat
And round to toy with, like a cub,
To put one's nozzle in and rub,
My god to laugh with,
Love to chaff with,
Come and dance beneath the sky,
You and I,
Look out with those wondering eyes,
And squirm, and gurgle—and grow wise.

—Eunice Tietjens.

GARDEN AND CRADLE.

When our babe he goeth walking in his garden,
Around his tinkling feet the sunbeams play;
The posies they are good to him,
And bow them as they should to him,
As fareth he upon his kingly way;
And birdlings of the wood to him
Make music, gentle music, all the day,
When our babe he goeth walking in his garden.

When our babe he goeth swinging in his cradle,
Then the night it looketh ever sweetly down;
The little stars are kind to him,
The moon she hath a mind to him,
And layeth on his head a golden crown;
And singeth then the wind to him
A song, the gentle song of Bethle'm town,
When our babe he goeth swinging in his cradle.

—*Eugene Field.*

TO A CHILD.

The years stretch far above thee,
Thy past is but a day;
Fair skies of Hope spread o'er thee,
Love watches by the way.

As closely now I hold thee,
Safe in father's arms,
So may my prayers enfold thee
Ever through life's alarms.

The tasks of duty call thee,—
Youth has not long to dream;
In whatsoe'er befall thee
Be thou the man thou seem.

Hypocrisy will try thee
With promises that shine,
But keep thy honor by thee
And happiness is thine.

The gauds of life may pass thee
And lowly be thy lot;
The pen of Time may class thee
With mortals soon forgot.

Grim toil may long enslave thee
Ere Nature claims her debt,
But He, thy God, who gave thee
His work will not forget.

—Frank Putnam.

THE EYES OF A CHILD.

O, eyes of childhood, innocent and pure,
True emblem of the spirit light divine;
No human thought can ever you outshine,
Because eternal love shall e'er endure.
Frail error wields no power you to allure,
Divinely fair, from infinite design,
False time can change you not, nor make repine;
With constant lustre there, Truth shines secure.
Naught can e'er change perfection's mighty plan;
Years cannot fade yon heaven's perfect blue,
Nor marble change without the sculptor's hand.
Abide in light, which nothing dims nor can;
Brave, tender eyes deny what is untrue,
For God designed you—perfect shall ye stand.

—Agness Greene Foster.

LITTLE BOY BLUE.

The little toy dog is covered with dust,
But sturdy and staunch he stands;

And the little toy soldier is red with rust,
And his musket moulds in his hands.
Time was when the little toy dog was new,
And the soldier was passing fair;
And that was the time when our Little Boy Blue
Kissed them and put them there.

"Now, don't you go till I come," he said,
"And don't you make any noise!"
So, toddling off to his trundle-bed,
He dreamt of the pretty toys;
And, as he was dreaming, an angel song
Awakened our Little Boy Blue—
Oh, the years are many, the years are long,
But the little toy friends are true.

Ay, faithful to Little Boy Blue they stand,
Each in the same old place,
Awaiting the touch of a little hand,
The smile of a little face;
And they wonder, as waiting the long years through
In the dust of that little chair,
What has become of our Little Boy Blue,
Since he kissed them and put them there.

—Eugene Field.

DE WITCH 'OOMAN.

Oh, de ol' witch 'ooman's ridin' round'—
Broomstick fu' to sweep de spidah down,
Eyes dat's reddah dan a bloody shu't,
Haih dat's thick wid mud an' sticks an' du't—

Terror she to all de wide, wide worl',
Anguls hide behin' de Gates o' Pearl,
Stahs go out awhile w'en witch flies pas',
Pries' tak' out his book an' say his mass,
Moon blows out huh light an' goes to baid,
'Kase de moon's so awful, awful 'fraid;
Milky Way gits dryah dan mah th'oat,
Mockin' bu'd too skaihed to sing a note—
Mighty scumptious doin's in de aih
W'en witch 'ooman rides huh broomstick maih.
Now, mah honey chile, this witch will git you sho'
'Less you hide yo' haid an' try to sno';
She will slam you in huh grip an' sack
An' befo' you know it on huh back
She will tote you fa' f'om home an' kin
An' will drap you in huh ol' coal bin.
Po'chile! —*Fenton Johnson.*

DANCE OF YOUTH.

The stars are a-flare and the moon is white,
And the wind blows over the grass!
Light is my youth and my feet are light,
And swift are the years that pass.

Come, all maidens and bind your hands
About your heads of gold.
Swiften your feet and trip the sands,
Before the world grows old.

Lais and Thais have gone from the noon,
And Berenice bloomed of yore.

Lesbia whitens beneath the moon,
And Sappho sings no more.

Come, while the life of you lifts in the day,
And laughter through you slips.
Supple and sweet is the leaping clay,
From the feet to the fingertips!

Come, while love is a reaching fire,
And never a flickered dream!
Leap and dance till you touch the Lyre,
And bathe in the upper stream.

Lais and Thais have gone from the noon,
And Berenice bloomed of yore.
Lesbia whitens beneath the moon,
And Sappho sings no more.

A shadow lurks in the Milky Way,
And behind the moon is Death.
Dance, oh dance till the night is grey,
And the dew is a shuddering breath.

Ye are Lais and Thais now,
Ye are the fruit of the hour!
Sway we and sing like a summer bough,
Till another youth shall flower!

Lais and Thais have gone from the noon,
And Berenice bloomed of yore.
Lesbia whitens beneath the moon,
And Sappho sings no more.

—*Julia Cooley.*

GONE.

Everybody loved Chick Lorimer in our town,
Far off
Everybody loved her.
So we all love a wild girl keeping a hold
On a dream she wants.
Nobody knows now where Chick Lorimer went.
Nobody knows why she packed her trunk—a few old
things
And is gone,
Gone with her little chin
Thrust ahead of her
And her soft hair blowing careless
From under a wide hat,
Dancer, singer, a laughing passionate lover.

Were there ten men or a hundred hunting Chick?
Were there five men or fifty with aching hearts?
Everybody loved Chick Lorimer.
Nobody knows where she's gone.

—Carl Sandburg.

THE DEAD LEADER.

(Theodore Thomas died January 4, 1905.)

And now, great soul that thus the end has found
Where laboring hands are still, where care is
naught,
Although we knew that with celestial sound
Beyond the marvelous music of your thought,
With strain and song unutterably sweet,

The mighty dead to make you room arose,
And unimagined joy should lead your feet
Through endless bloom, by fadeless garden close,
Still, still, with undimmed eyes not one could see
The place where once your face was wont to be.

So dull, so selfish, and so weak we are,
We fain would have him labor who has peace,
And stay him with our love who hears afar
The faint sure call that bids his trouble cease.
But ah, so much you meant to us, so much!
That now as one in utter dark we grope,
As one whose hand has lost the friendly touch
Of stronger hand, of stainless faith and hope,
We cannot choose but sit with low bowed head
And with dumb anguish crave again our dead.

"It may be best"—so hollow sounds the word,
And hollow every word that seeks to heal
The heavy woundings of the certain sword.
There is no turning of that destined steel.
The silence smites the splendid life in twain
And strikes the hand upon the garnered sheaf,
Bids cease the weaving of the busy brain
And for the laurel wreathes the cypress leaf.
We guess not why—but stumbling on we give
With tears blind thanks that such a life did live.

We see the noble work complete, and know
That while men live and feel and starward yearn,
The fruitage of your restless toil will grow,
The flame you lighted will not cease to burn.
But oh, my leader, how shall that fulfill

The place left empty in so many a heart?
And what benignant recompense can still
The unremitting pain that, now we part,
Reveals the strange great power that upward drew
All listening souls as not your art but you?

For you, unending peace and stirless rest
Beneath the stars; there is no more of pain.
The mighty mother to her healing breast
Gathers her great and loyal son again.
For us, keen visions of the earnest face,
Sharp catchings at the heart when we shall hear
In evening hours from unconsidered space
Faint notes of glorious strains that he made clear;
For us, the brooding memories that throng
With broken chords the sad unfinished song.

—*Charles Edward Russell.*

TO F. F. B.

If we could have our way with Fate,
Your will and mine would be at one:
A country acre for estate,
A garden sloping to the sun;

An orchard plot, a cottage lined
With noble books, a friend or two,
A frugal purse, a quiet mind,
Some hard congenial work to do.

This is our dream. But still the net
That Circumstance and Duty spin
Ensnares us, and our ways are set
Amid the city's dust and din.

Our futile taskwork wears us down,
In empty strife we waste our days;
But still of peace, beyond the town,
We dream,—and still the dream delays.

—*Waldo R. Browne.*

DAVID SWING.

Autumn 1894.

There's not a glory of these autumn days;
There's not a tender mist the sunset weaves,
Purple and amethyst, among the leaves;
There's not a vista through the woodland ways,
Where gold and crimson meet in tangled maze
Of gorgeous coloring these frosty eves;
There's not a glimpse of gathered harvest sheaves,
Nor flash of bird that trills its parting lays,
Winging its southward way; there's not a sight
Of late, stray violet in the sunny nook,
Nor scarlet lichen in the emerald moss,
But brings to those who knew the pure delight
Of following thee in thy great soul's uplook
A sense of deep, irreparable loss.

—*Helen Ekin Starrett.*

DANIEL WEBSTER.

Ye see him truly, now:
Their hour and power is past
Who fain had shamed that brow;
It wears its crown at last.

Hail him, his countrymen!
  First of your foremost few,
Given back to you again
  Yet greater than ye knew.

Greater—for good and great;
  Not false, as they forswore!
He, who to save the State
  The State to please forbore.

Well may the State he saved—
  Saved at such cost of blame,
While still her mood he braved—
  Accord him, late, his fame!
    —*William Cleaver Wilkinson.*

THE GRAVE OF COOPER.

No chisel'd compliment invokes his shade,
  No granite glory shouts to those who pass,
But here, among his quiet neighbors laid,
  He sleeps beneath the grass.

The village chapel guards this hallowed ground,
  Washed by the Susquehanna's new-sprung rills,
Hard by, the storied lake, and all around
  His loved Otsego hills.

It were not meet that other scenes than these
  Through the long night his sleeping form should bear,
For here, among these sylvan ecstasies,
  His hand is everywhere.

His fancy's children hide in every nook,
  Savage and scout, and noble-hearted men,
And every thicket is an open book
  That brings him back again.

No need of graven stone nor bordered page,
  The smiling country, Cooper, speaks of you
And holds you forth a patriot, a sage,
  A gentle man and true.

Sleep on, O great romancer! May your soul,
  Secure in love and honor, rest content;
And fame unsullied as the ages roll
  Shall be your monument.

—*George S. Seymour.*

ELIA.

Across the English meadows sweet,
  Across the smiling sunset land,
I see them walk with faltering feet,
  Brother and sister, hand in hand.

They know the hour of parting nigh,
  They pass into the dying day,
And, lo! against the sunset sky
  Looms up the madhouse gaunt and gray.

He keeps the lonely lamp aglow,
  While old loves whisper in the air
Of unforgotten long ago
  Before his heart had known despair.

He waits till she may come once more
From out the darkness to his side,
To share the changeless love of yore
When all the old, old loves have died.

Between me and this gentle book,
Shining with humor rich and quaint,
The sad scene rises, and I look
Upon a jester and a saint.

I lift my eyes, still brimming o'er
With love and laughter—and there falls
Across the page, forever more
The shadow of the madhouse walls!

—*E. J. McPhelim.*

SAMUEL LANGHORNE CLEMENS.

1835-1910.

I see a boy who hugs a well-thumbed book,
Wherein are the companions of his heart—
This is his monument; one would not look
For any greater homage born of Art.

* * * * * * * * *

So Laughter stands with silent lips today
The while the word goes pulsing round the earth,
And tears course down the dimpled cheeks of Play
And sighs rise from the heavy heart of Mirth,

For he is gone who brought them all to life—
  This master with the sure and patient hand;
Who minded not the fretting stress and strife
  But saw the joy with which the world is planned.

So heavy-lidded Grief must stand apart,
  Nor yet may Sorrow come with glooming face;
Death has not stilled the throbbing of his heart,
  It times the song of gladness in some place,
And he has found the sunshine that he gave
  To all of us when clouds bent o'er his head—
It seems his hand gives us a farewell wave
  From every word of his we ever read.

What graven bronze or stately shaft and stone
  May ever be sufficiently sublime?
What may men write of him who wrote his own
  Fair tribute that endures throughout all time?
Nay, but the row of books upon the shelf,
  All peopled with the human folk he drew,
Memorialize for aye his human self—
  The blitheness ever old and ever new.

* * * * * * * * *

This is his monument; one would not look
  For any greater homage born of Art:
I see a boy who hugs a well-thumbed book
  Wherein dwell the companions of his heart.

—Wilbur D. Nesbit.

FATHER MATURIN

(Lost with the "Lusitania".)

His soul was snow-white; and his voice was low
  Save, when on fire with God's consuming love,
  The great heart, erstwhile gentle as the dove,
Beat fierce and fast in zeal's most ardent glow.

He shrank from battle, yet he loved it too,
  Who fought for right and won his own sweet soul;
  A victim of the trust that, to its goal
Flies straight and swift when it is born anew.

His memory lingers, as the incense clings
  Around an altar, that the years have blessed,
  And keeps in heart the World's Beloved Guest,
The Priest of priests who is the King of kings.

—Francis Clement Kelley.

TO RUBINSTEIN.

On Hearing His "Ocean Storm" Portrayed by One Hundred and Seventy Musicians.

Thou shining soul, by Fame bright burning kept,
Is God not angry when the wind is wailing
Hopeless with dread? And when He bids the storm
To whip the gamut of each shrieking shroud
And trumpet thunders—speaks he calmly then?

If thou, on shore no braver than thyself,
Canst key the sounding cloud, and at thy will

Chord all the terrors of the secret deep,
Then may those greater accents of God's voice
Be taught to me, if thou interpretest!

Before Jehovah's ark mute penitents
Bent round high priest, and breathing frankincense
And myrrh and holy oils, revived their souls.
Thou *my* high priest shall be! Within thy fane
With formless ceremony, yet in garb
And ephod of bright genius, thou shalt list
To my devout and prostrate supplication;
Mine shall be thy rites, and thou God's power
Shalt bring to my blind soul, as I do hear
Great ocean's heart-beats sound a deep alarm
Lest God through space should hurl its screaming bulk
Or scatter it for dew on waking worlds!

—*John McGovern.*

GILBERT.

Prince of the lambent and elusive smile,
Dispenser prodigal of light and cheer,
Sweet knight that sable Care dost oft beguile,
Poet of Truth, take tribute of a tear!

—*Franklin P. Adams.*

ROSAMUND MARRIOTT WATSON.
(1863—1912)

She brought melodious gifts of lyric praise
To Love, as loyal subject to a king;
She sang of gardens and sequestered ways,

Of birds and roses and the thrill of Spring,
Of Summer nights and golden Summer days,
Of Autumn sere, and Winter's icy sting.

Sweet was her singing, yet whate'er the theme
A wistful sorrow trembled through the song;
Fair as her garden at its prime might seem,
She knew that Winter would not spare it long;
And though the day were glad, or sweet the dream,
Death lurked at hand to wreak his ancient wrong.

But now for her the shadows are dispersed—
Beneath another sky, less gray than ours,
In some more lovely garden, untraversed
By foot of Time, she tends unwithering flowers,
Her spirit in perennial peace immersed,
Filling with sweeter song the untroubled hours.

—*Waldo R. Browne.*

THE POET.

Out of the deep and the dark,
A sparkling mystery, a shape,
Something perfect,
Comes like the stir of the day;
One whose breath is an odour,
Whose eyes show the road to stars;
The breeze on his face,
The glory of Heaven on his back,
He steps like a vision hung in air,
Diffusing the passion of eternity;

His abode is the sunlight of morn,
The music of eve his speech;
In his sight
One shall turn from the dust to the grave
And move upward to the woodland.

—*Yone Noguchi.*

BURNS'S CENTURY SONG.

Hope, her starry vigil keeping
O'er a Campbell by the Clyde—
By the Tweed a "Wizard" sleeping—
"Shepherd" by the Yarrow's side—
Land of glory, song, and story,
Land of mountains and of men,
Did ye dream that Song could die?
Banks and braes be glad again,
ROBERT BURNS is passing by!

Everywhere, everywhere,
Smiles will break and tears will start,
Making rainbows round the heart,
Ploughman, Brother, BARD OF AYR!

Heart of leal! Can this be dying,
Coming thus sublimely down!
Lo, an hundred winters sighing
Leave unstrown thy holly crown!
Not in sorrow dawns thy morrow,
"Bonny Jean" is by thy side,
Making life and love keep time;
Beauty be thy deathless bride,
Weaving all our hearts in rhyme!

Heavy heart and smoky rafter
Growing light with Burns's song—
Calmer tears and clearer laughter—
  Plaided bosoms brave and strong;
  Birds are singing, blue-bells ringing,
  Naked Heart in open palm!
  With thy "days of auld lang syne,"
With thy Cotter's evening Psalm,
  Thou hast made all ages thine.

Now the thrush's silver sonnet
  Trembling from the blossom'd thorn,
Winter floating white upon it—
  Sweetest Lyric ever born!
BRUCE is breaking—WALLACE waking,
From the clasp of mighty Death,
  Morven swells the Doric song!—
Lads' and lassies' blended breath,
  Gushes sweet all summer long!

O'er the daisy in the furrow
  Bending low with loving words—
By the mouse's broken burrow—
  Songs of burnies and of birds—
Breezes blowing—rivers flowing—
Hark, the beat of bonny DOON,
  LOGAN, DEVON, AFTON, AYR,
Braided in a pleasant tune,
  "HIGHLAND MARY" in the choir!

  Everywhere, everywhere,
Smiles will break and tears will start,

Making rainbows 'round the heart,
Ploughman, Brother, BARD OF AYR!
—Benjamin F. Taylor.

SAINT BRANDAN.

Saint Brandan, sailing northern seas distrest
Of wind and storm, as in weird visions cast,
Upon icebergs high, saw Judas, clinging fast
And cooling with its snow his burning breast;
Saint Brandan, quaking, of dire dread possest,
Asked how it came? "Good deeds do always last,"
Said Judas kindly. "Ere my life had passed,
For one, each Christmas Day comes respite blest."

"An angel said, who touched me while in flames,
'Arise! No fires shall harm you on this day!'
'How so?' I asked. 'A leper, with his sores
Wind-blown full of the hot street sand, exclaims:
"Help, or I die!" You, going your sinful way,
Cast him your cloak which for you aye implores!' "
—Rufus J. Childress.

PARSIFAL.

Stolid he stands, nor knows he any thrill
Of grief for the sore-stricken king, the prey
Of torments dire, whose anguish to allay
No balsam serves, avails no healing skill.
Yet shall he bring redemption, e'en though still
For years the tempter lure his feet astray
And cheat his senses, ere the sacred day

Dawn of the sure fulfillment of God's will.
And now, with purpose clear, and vision purged
Of the last sense-illusion, he, by grace
Divine enlightened, and by pity urged,
Here stands, with God in rapt communion merged,
The grail's pure light effulgent in his face,
Healer and Saviour in the holy place.

—*William Morton Payne.*

TRISTAN AND ISOLDE.

They quaff the reconciling draught, nor shrink,
Foreboding ill, the valiant knight, the maid
Imperious, doomed too soon to be betrayed,
Whom love through all eternity shall link.
Their fated steps already on the brink
Of the abyss, unbared the avenging blade,
They wait the perfect hour when the soft shade
Of love's enfolding night shall on them sink.
Made one in death forever, now no dirge
Bemoans their passing souls; without a trace
Of earthly passion blent, the solemn surge
Of song triumphant sweeps them to the verge
Of realms transcending e'en the vast embrace
Of time terrestrial and of star-set space.

—*William Morton Payne.*

HIRAM POWERS' GREEK SLAVE.

It is a slender model of the grace
A breathing woman's hardly will excel;
A dream which is reality, wrought well

And worthily; though in that sacred place,
Invisible, the Muse's hand will trace
No lines which are immortal, throw no spell
As when she worked through Scopas, and the shell
Became a soul and flashed a living face.
No sweet perfection there; but one may see
What quicker is than a perfection gone
Awry—destroyed by technic's fatal touch;
It is a patient God's eternal plea
To one who dares his God to look upon
And give response, scarce conscious it is such.

—Hiram Powers Dilworth.

THE SOLITUDE OF THE SOUL.

(After Lorado Taft's Group.)

Dear God, and is this, then, Thy children's fate;
  Is Thy good earth at best a waste so bleak,
  Hast Thou ordained to ends so vain, so weak,
This strength and beauty, loveliness and state?
For this didst Thou such godlike forms create,
  That lips must quiver still, but never speak,
  That hands, which well-nigh meet, must alway seek,
Groping in vain, to clasp a groping mate?

O bitter lot! O hearts that yearn and break!
  O sightless eyes! O ears that may not hear!
O souls foredoomed the joyless path to take,
The uncompanioned pilgrimage to make
  Forevermore on desert ways and drear,
  Exiles from love—and yet, how near, how near!

—James Taft Hatfield.

TO MAURICE BROWNE.

On his creation of Capulchard in Cloyd Head's "Grotesques."

Shadows are 'round me as the dawn breaks,
Shadows with long white swaying arms
And anguished faces.
I see them meet and touch and part;
Crying their desire
While a bitter figure molds them
In a shifting decoration
Which enchants, eludes and maddens,
Imprisoning my dreams.

Now they plead and droop and cower,
Holding wan hands
To whatever gods there be,
Praying intercession
From the malign enchantment
Of their decorative doom
Whence they weep their silent tears.

Oh, Draughtsman terrible
Who puts out the moon and stars,
Who smiles and waves a hand
And puppet hearts are broken,
  Let them love!
Only a moment in a theater,
Only a moment under the stars,
All there may be before the end—
  Let them love!

—Mary Aldis.

ONCE ON A TIME.

Once on a time, once on a time,
  Before the Dawn began,
There was a nymph of Dian's train
  Who was beloved of Pan;
Once on a time a peasant lad
  Who loved a lass at home;
Once on a time a Saxon king
  Who loved a queen of Rome.

The world has but one song to sing
  And it is ever new,
The first and last of all the songs
  For it is ever true—
A little song, a tender song,
  The only song it hath—
"There was a youth of Ascalon
  Who loved a girl of Gath."

A thousand thousand years have gone
  And aeons still shall pass,
Yet shall the world forever sing
  Of him who loved a lass—
An olden song, a golden song—
  And sing it unafraid;
"There was a youth, once on a time,
  Who dearly loved a maid."

—Kendall Banning.

CANTINA.

You were the flame of a Pompeian lamp,
Wavering in the sea-wind,
Cosima,
And ever to the gale of me you danced,
Flickering out of reach. . . .

I will return to Sorrento,
To the wine-room under the cliff.

—*Mitchell Dawson.*

LOVE'S MIRACLE.

'Tis not the touch of hands, 'Tis not the light
  Shining from eyes that tenderly do gaze
  On the beloved face, 't is not the praise
Of spoken words or sung, that may aright
Reveal the spirit's worship; these give sight
  Of Love's fair flower and tender leafy sprays;
  But Love's fruition must be found in ways
More subtly sought, and moods more recondite.

'T is rather in the hours when far apart
  From the dear sight of her whose very thought
  Hallows the soul, the hours with memories fraught,
With yearnings filled, when to the eyelids start
  Unbidden tears; Love's miracle then wrought
Touches with fire the altar of the heart.

—*William Morton Payne.*

SONG.

I waked—'twas bright; I rose—'twas fair;
I went forth in the bonny air;
The breeze blew on my cheek, my brow, my eyes,
And waked an image in my eyes.

I walked—how fresh! I breathed—how sweet!
The sun shone with a beaming heat;
The heat unbound the lockers of my heart,
And warmed an image in my heart.

I stand—all's blithe; I look—all's blest;
I said, "Kind Air, tell me love's rest."
"Love's rest" saith Air—" 'tis to be true, devout,
Reverent in love, tender, devout."

I stay—for joy; I sing—for praise;
Devout of love shall be my days—
All days—"But O, warm Light, when shall love end?"
"Love lives," said Light, "Worlds without end."

—*James Vila Blake.*

PHILOMEL TO CORYDON.

Shepherd, wilt thou take counsel of the bird
That oft hath hearkened, from this leafy lair,
To love's entreaty, and the parting word?
Sue not so humbly to the haughty fair,
Pipe in her praise upon thine oaten straw,
And pipe the louder when she says thee nay;
Swear that her lightest wish to thee is law,

But break the law twice twenty times a day.
Trust not to argument, or thou'rt undone;
But calmly, gently, when she doth protest
Her course is East, impel her to the West;
Approve her way, but lead her in thine own.
For learn, fond youth, wouldst thou escape disaster,
That woman likes a slave—but loves a master.

—*William Young.*

THE FASHION.

There comes a saying olden
From heather hills aglow,
And where the lochs are shining
In valleys far below;
It sayeth naught of heather,
And naught of yellow broom,
But "Kissing's out of fashion
When the gorse is out of bloom."

The yellow gorse it bloometh
Perennial to delight;
In winter as in summer
Its golden smile is bright.
Like love it knows no season,
Makes sunshine out of gloom;
So kissing's aye the fashion,
For the gorse is aye in bloom.

—*Lydia Avery Coonley Ward.*

LOVE SONG.

I love my life, but not too well
To give it to thee like a flower,
So it may pleasure thee to dwell
Deep in its perfume but an hour.
I love my life, but not too well.

I love my life, but not too well
To sing it note by note away,
So to thy soul the song may tell
The beauty of the desolate day.
I love my life, but not too well.

I love my life, but not too well
To cast it like a cloak on thine,
Against the storms that sound and swell
Between thy lonely heart and mine.
I love my life, but not too well.

—Harriet Monroe.

CHIQUITA, LA BONITA.

Great black eyes with look so tender
That they seem almost to weep;
Hand that's taper, brown and slender,
Shades them, peering up the steep
From the "dobey," by the mesa,
Where the sun forever shines
'Long the foothill, where the gazer
Sees amid the tangled vines
And the crooked manzanita,
Su Chiquita!
La bonita.

There's a little Mexic maiden,
  Golden-haired and eyes of blue,
With the springtime flowers laden,
  Climbing down from where they grew.
Dusky-haired and dark-eyed mother—
  Though mayhap the question's bold—
Whence those eyes of some one other,
  Whence the shining locks of gold?
    Tell me, handsome Josepheta,
      Of Chiquita,
      La bonita.

Ah! I see yon caballero,
  Riding thither down the trail—
Now he lifts his broad sombrero,
  Shouts the Saxon's hearty hail,
And the flax-haired caballero
  Has Chiquita's eyes of blue,
Shaded by his slouch sombrero
  Pretty answer that is, too,
    For the handsome Josepheta,
      And Chiquita,
      La bonita.
        —*William Lightfoot Visscher.*

ARAB.

I love you, with a passion woven out
  Of memories of fragrant purple nights,
  And subtle ecstasies and pale delights
That hovered 'twixt the eyes of Hope and Doubt;
I love you, with a spirit wrapped about

With haunting shreds of ancient sounds and sights
From when God set the Universe to rights,
And Darkness by the Dawn was put to rout.
I love you proudly, with a living Faith
In your high destiny to cross the sands
Of Time, singing your song, an honored guest
And blythe Joy-bringer to the troubled breast
Of Man, but in my tent I pray, when Death
Says "Come," your hands will clasp in love my hands.

—*Donald Robertson.*

SONG.

Over hills and fields of daisies
Once I wandered light of heart,
Now I'm dreaming you are with me,
We together—ne'er to part.
You are saying, "Oh, I love you,
Love like mine will e'er be true."
Over hills and fields of daisies
You are saying, "I love you."

"I love you," the daisy tells me,
As the petals fall apart,
And at last I hold the yellow
Of the gold within its heart;
Even though the flower is severed
Those white petals are its own,
And that heart of gold is waiting
For the petals it has known.

Now the hills and all the daisies
Lie beneath the silent snow,

Still I'm dreaming of you, dearest,
And I wonder if you know
That your form is still beside me,
That your voice rings in my ear
Over hills and fields of daisies
Till it seems that you are here.

—Carrie Jacobs-Bond.

CHOICE.

The eyes of one shall open on the morn
Where sunrise fires stain white peaks afar,
Another in the valley, where no star
Breaks on the gloom, of sea and midnight born;
And where the poppies riot through the corn
The one, unshod, may pass with wound nor scar—
The other's straggling hands no gates unbar;
Thus one shall have the rose and one the thorn.
If I could choose and could not be denied,
Thy way would lie in many a sunny field,
While through the night my thorny path would be;
Forever in the dark would I abide
And I would be thy solace and thy shield,
If I could choose—if I could choose for thee!

—Myrtle Reed.

A MAN TO A DEAD WOMAN.

Shaking nights, noons tame and dust-quiet, and wind-broken days,
Were hands modeling your face.
Yet people—the best of them—glanced at you, and passed on.

And now, perhaps some of them meet to say little
true things of you;
Quickly weighing tiny stray chips of you—
They who did not know you.

—*Maxwell Bodenheim.*

THE PRESENT: A CHALLENGE.

Are we, indeed, but things of pleasure,
Sweets of life for the lightest mood,
Gilded and trimmed, a flippant treasure,
Handled and cheapened, spurned or wooed?
Listen, you who believe this lying,
Wild on the winds a chorus swells,
And I hear the woman heart replying,
Fool! go find you a cap and bells.

Burdened and bruised, shall we go choking,
Forever, down to the dust at your feet,
You your own wrong discreetly cloaking,
Who doubt our souls, though our lips are sweet?
Ay, sweet enough, too sweet for your winning—
At last we are out in the open air,
Where our voices sound for a new beginning—
Beast, go back to your jungle lair.

Strong in labor and self-reliance,
We were born for the cause, the fight,
The world-old travail, the new defiance,
The proudest place and the fullest right.
Then shall we say, when our youth is tender,

"None there is who can kill this lie.
Body, your utmost tribute render,
Soul, go out in the dark and die!"

No! For the cleansing winds are blowing
Over the earth, and the chorus swells
To a paean huge. Man's power is growing
Outward to reach a hundred hells.
Frank-eyed, clean-limbed brother, my dearest,
Who will not take where you may not give,
In you is our mighty hope read clearest.
Man, come into my heart and live!

—Marguerite Wilkinson.

THE HEART'S COUNTRY.

Hill people turn to their hills;
Sea folk are sick for the sea;
Thou art my land and my country,
And my heart calls out for thee.

The bird beats his wings for the open,
The captive burns to be free;
But I—I cry at thy window,
For thou art my liberty.

—Florence Wilkinson.

LAST LOVE.

The surging moon-grey meadows broke to white
Ridges of bloom and mazes of wistful light
Blended, leaving all things dim with night.

He said: I give you everything but this—
One little gift which you will hardly miss;
Lad's love, which left me with an old year's kiss.

She said; I cannot number nor recall
The lovers and the masquers who let fall
Their gifts before me in mid-carnival.

First love?—I do not ask it, having known
Lad's love and man's love, lightly overblown.
These have I had, but no love like your own.

He said: If this content you which I give—
The last grain clinging to the shaken sieve—
'Tis yours to keep through all the days we live.

—Kenneth Sawyer Goodman.

A DESERTED TRYSTING PLACE.

Helen, thy garden close desolate lies, and the wind
Scatters the weed-grown rose, sweeter than spice of Ind.
Yearly it wilder grows, seeking its first estate,
Carefully fostered of late.

Helen, the ancient urn, laden with ivy leaves—
Thither no lovers turn; in it, Arachne weaves
Mysteries none can learn, over a faded note
Last left, that Paris wrote.

Helen, why startest thou, hearing the arras stir?
Dost thou remember now happier times that were?
Fair, but with loveless brow, Paris goes silent by.
Dost o'er à Kempis sigh?

—Susan Warren Wilbur.

BEYOND.

When all my little worldly tasks are done,
And life is through,
Shall I, my love, lie down in sleep at last
To dream with you?

Or shall I find, when you and I shall rest
In peace supreme,
That death is life, but of a larger plan,
And life the dream?

—Kendall Banning.

A PIRATE SONG.

The sea swings mad in the raging grip
Of the seething stinging gale,
It moans its hate with a yearning wrath
That bids fair cheeks go pale—
But fill the bowl to the brimming top,
Drink! for tonight we sail.

Ay, fill the bowl and drain the bowl,
Sing heigh for the brimming ale,
And fill and drain—again—again—

Till the smoking wassails fail,
Then hurl the bowl at the trembling host,
Drink! for tonight we sail.

The sleet beats down like a rain of blows
On a coat of iron mail,
And faint and thin through the ringing din
Is heard the lookout's hail,
But it's up and up with the foaming cup,
Drink! for tonight we sail.

And it's hurl the cup at the landlord's head,
And little his threats avail
For the unpaid score—with joyous roar
It's jeer at the beckoning gaol,
And it's sing farewell, through the night of hell—
Drink! for tonight we sail.

—*Alden Charles Noble.*

PAUL JONES.

Once more the favoring breezes blow
In briny piping gales—
Housed in a warship as of old
Once more the hero sails.
With bended head and lifted cap
They raised him from his grave
And placed him where he loved to rest—
Upon the white-topped wave.

The night came down upon the deep,
The warship calmly rides,
And proudly on the quarter-deck

The sailor's spirit strides.
"These turrets and these iron plates
Seem more than strange to me—
For walls of oak were fort enough
When I was on the sea!

These throbbing engines, and the lack
Of sail to dare the blast—
All strange and new—but what care I?
My pennon crowns the mast!
The flag first danced above a ship
I sailed amid the foam—
And now floats high above the craft
That bears me back to home!"

The mist grows thicker, and the night
Is black with heavier clouds—
A crew of ghosts glides down the deck,
Or clambers up the shrouds.
A phantom shape, a phantom ship,
Looms grimly through the shade—
And George's cross above the peak
Gleams spectrally displayed!

The rusty cannon flash and flame,
And through the haunted night
Rings out that old defiance—"I
Have just begun to fight!"
With grisly yard-arms lashed they strive—
Smoke-palled each reeling wreck,
The ghostly hero leads his tars
Upon the wan-lit deck!

A deadly struggle in the murk—
  The stars flash up in pride,
And through the reek of George's cross
  Goes fluttering o'er the side!
The smoke-clouds pass—the parting night
  Gives way before the dawn—
The ship of steel swings on her way—
  The phantom crew is gone!

Once more the favoring breezes blow
  In briny piping gales—
Housed in the warship as of old
  Once more the hero sails.
With bended head and lifted cap
  They wait upon the shore—
To greet him from his final cruise—
  He voyages no more!

—William A. Phelon.

WAR.

A clash of arms, and death; a hush
  On horrors of which death is least.
Soon dying ears shall hear the rush
  Of vultures crowding to the feast.

—Henry Dumont.

MOTHERS OF MEN AT WAR.

God of the Nations, hear us,
  Mothers of men who call!
The flames of conflicts sear us,
  Victims whate'er befall.

Ours is the price past paying—
  Tragedy near and far;
Ours is the sternest slaying—
  Mothers of men at war.

They give their lives in battle;
  We gave them life and love;
Slaughtered like worthless cattle.
  (Think of it, God above!)
Those shapes our arms have cradled,
  Those lips our breasts have fed,
By lust of power outladled
  In prime struck cold and dead.

For them the battle-glory,
  The thrill and trumpet-sound;
For us bleak sorrow's story,
  Bereavement's bitter round;
They march to danger gaily,
  Honored or soon or late;
We die by inches, daily,
  Helpless we starve and wait.

Was it for this we bore them,
  For this our patient care?
Our hearts lie crushed before them
  As forth to fight they fare.
God of the Nations, hear us,
  Crying from near and far,
The flames of conflict sear us,
  Mothers of men at war!

—Ethel M. Colson.

SING, YE TRENCHES!

Sing, ye trenches bloody-lipped!
Sing! For into you has slipped
Lycidas, dead ere his prime!
All ye cruel trenches, sing!
Under frost and under rime
All his body beautiful,
All his body wonderful,
Low hath lain. Now, cunningly,
April, with sweet mystery,
Moulds the trenches horror-lipped
Into chalices of spring!

Who would not sing for Lycidas?
See, across the hideous gashes
Soft green fire of April flashes,
Starred with windflowers delicate;
Gemmed with purple violet;
Roseate with crimson glow
Where again his pulses blow
In young clover. For his sake
See the budding crocus break
Into flame; and hear the grass,
Green-tongued, sing for Lycidas!

Sing, ye gaping wounds of earth!
Tomb-like, ye have taken him,
Cradled him, distillèd him;
Womb-like, ye have brought to birth
Myriad flowers and fragrances.
Requiemed with spring he lies.
God, who took unto His heart

All his throbbing, vital part,
Sowed his body in the earth.
Let the trumpets of the grass
Paean shout for Lycidas!

—*Helen Coale Crew.*

WHEN MY TURN COMES.

When my turn comes, dear shipmates all,
Oh, do not weep for me;
Wrap me up in a hammock tight,
And put me into the sea;
For it's no good weeping
When a shipmate's sleeping,
And the long watch keeping
At the bottom of the sea.

But think of me sometimes and say:
"He did his duty right,
And strove the best he knew to please
His captain in the fight";
But it's no use weeping
When a shipmate's sleeping,
And the long watch keeping
Through the long, long night.

And let my epitaph be these words:
"Cleared for this port, alone,
A craft that was staunch, and sound, and true—
Destination unknown";
And there's no good weeping

When a shipmate's sleeping,
And the long watch keeping
All alone, all alone.

And mark this well, my shipmates dear,
Alone the long night through,
Up there in the darkness behind the stars
I'll look out sharp for you;
So there's no good weeping
When a shipmate's sleeping,
And the long watch keeping
All the long night through.

—*Barrett Eastman.*

THE SLAIN ONES.

What of the gallant dead
Borne from the field?
Oh, the draped silent head,
The empty shield!

Kiss the swift moveless feet
That won their goal;
Crown the unseeing brow,
Joy to that deathless soul!

What of the gallant hearts
Slain, that live on,
Who eat their daily bread
When joy is done?

Nay, not for them the wreath,
The bugle's note;
Theirs to taste morn and night
The sword within their throat.

What of the gallant hearts
Slain, that must live?
God of the Shrouded Hands,
Shall they forgive?

—*Florence Wilkinson.*

VANQUISHED.

Not by the ball or brand
Sped by a mortal hand,
Not by the lightning stroke
When fiery tempests broke,—
Not mid the ranks of War
Fell the great Conqueror.

Unmoved, undismayed,
In the crash and carnage of the cannonade,—
Eye that dimmed not, hand that failed not,
Brain that swerved not, heart that quailed not,
Steel nerve, iron form,—
The dauntless spirit that o'erruled the storm.

While the Hero peaceful slept
A foeman to his chamber crept,
Lightly to the slumberer came,
Touched his brow and breathed his name:
O'er the stricken form there passed
Suddenly an icy blast.

The Hero woke, rose undismayed,
Saluted Death, and sheathed his blade.

The Conqueror of a hundred fields
To a mightier Conqueror yields;
No mortal foeman's blow
Laid the great Soldier low:
Victor in his latest breath—
Vanquished but by Death.

—Francis Fisher Browne.

ON A SOLDIER FALLEN IN THE PHILIPPINES.

Streets of the roaring town,
Hush for him, hush, be still!
He comes, who was stricken down
Doing the word of our will.
Hush! let him have his state,
Give him his soldier's crown.
The grists of trade can wait
Their grinding at the mill,
But he cannot wait for his honor, now the trumpet has been blown,
Wreathe pride now for his granite brow, lay love on his breast of stone.

Toll! Let the great bells toll
Till the clashing air is dim.
Did we wrong this parted soul?
We will make it up to him.
Toll! Let him never guess
What work we set him to.

Laurel, laurel, yes;
He did what we bade him do.
Praise, and never a whispered hint but the fight he fought was good;
Never a word that the blood on his sword was his country's own heart's-blood.

A flag for the soldier's bier
Who dies that his land may live;
O, banners, banners here,
That he doubt not nor misgive!
That he heed not from the tomb
The evil days draw near
When the nation, robed in gloom,
With its faithless past shall strive.
Let him never dream that his bullet's scream went wide of its island mark,
Home to the heart of his darling land where she stumbled and sinned in the dark.

—*William Vaughn Moody.*

AFTER THE MARTYRDOM.

They threw a stone, you threw a stone,
I threw a stone that day;
Although their sharpness bruised his flesh
He had no word to say.

But for the moan he did not make,
Today I make my moan;
And for the stone I threw at him
My heart must bear a stone.

—*Scharmel Iris.*

GENIUS.

It is the fire beneath some night-fly's wing,
Making a star out of the risen worm.

—*John McGovern.*

THE INNER SILENCE.

Noises that strive to tear
Earth's mantle soft of air
And break upon the stillness where it dwells:
The noise of battle and the noise of prayer,
The cooing noise of love that softly tells
Joy's brevity, the brazen noise of laughter—
All these affront me not, nor echo after
Through the long memories.
They may not enter the deep chamber where
Forever silence is.

Silence more soft than spring hides in the ground
Beneath her budding flowers;
Silence more rich than ever was the sound
Of harps through long warm hours.
'Tis like a hidden vastness, even as though
Great suns might there beat out their measures slow
Nor break the hush mightier than they.
There do I dwell eternally,
There where no thought may follow me,
Nor stillest dreams whose pinions plume the way.

—*Harriet Monroe.*

INVOCATION

O Comic Spirit, hovering overhead,
With sage's brows and finely-tempered smile,
From whose bowed lips a silvery laugh is sped
At pedantry, stupidity, and guile,—

So visioned by that sage on whom you bent
Always a look of perfect sympathy,
Whose laugh, like yours, was never idly spent,—
Look, Spirit, sometimes fellowly on me!

Instruct and guide me in the gentle art
Of thoughtful laughter—once satyric noise;
Vouchsafe to me, I humbly ask, some part,
However little, of your perfect poise.

Keep me from bitterness, contempt and scorn,
From anger, pride, impatience, and disdain.
When I am self-deceived your smile shall warn,
Your volleyed laughter set me right again.

Am I inspired to mirth or mockery,
Grant, Spirit, that it be not overdrawn;
And am I moved to malice, let it be
Only "the sunny malice of a faun."

—Bert Leston Taylor.

TO ONE UNKNOWN.

I have seen the proudest stars
That wander on through space,
Even the sun and moon,
But not your face.

I have heard the violin,
  The winds and waves rejoice
In endless minstrelsy,
  Yet not your voice.

I have touched the trillium,
  Pale flower of the land,
Coral, anemone,
  And not your hand.

I have kissed the shining feet
  Of Twilight lover-wise,
Opened the gates of Dawn—
  Oh not your eyes!

I have dreamed unwonted things,
  Visions that witches brew,
Spoken with images,
  Never with you.

—*Helen Dudley.*

IN MEMORY.

Far down the stretch of the slow moving years,
I longing gaze with my poor mortal sight,
Searching if aught there be of friendly light
Gleaming across my way that now appears
Obscured in gloom. The welcoming ray that cheers
The onward faring pilgrim in the night,
Strive as I may, I cannot see aright
For blinding mists of ever-lingering tears.
Then, when the aching heart can bear no more,

Backward I turn to see thy face; and lo!
A light is all about me, and a glow
Of rainbow color tints the clouds before;
And onward striving with untroubled brow,
I breathe: "Love's memory—that is light enow."

—Burton Haseltine.

THE FOOL.

The Fool did on his motley
And sighed, as who should say:
"If all but me be sobbing,
Why then must I be gay?

"If all the world be weeping,
And very life seems wrong,
Why is it mine to fashion
A whimsy and a song?

"Pray, why must I be merry?"
—But came no answering word.
For that the world was weeping,
And none the Fool had heard.

April 19, 1912. *—Franklin P. Adams.*

SONNET.

(At the opening of the Stratford charnel-house, in 1880, a skull was thrown out, bearing the inscription, "Hodie mihi, cras tibi.")

"Today for me, tomorrow death for you."
As if through Yorick's lips dead Shakespeare spoke
Again, there rise the sickening words that choke
Our aspiration and our wills subdue.

But still the Stratford meadows shine with dew;
The swan of Avon glides with unseen stroke;
The listening sky the elm-tops still invoke;
The rooks are flying, just as once they flew.
Still Nature richly gives, and calmly brave
Asserts to life her immemorial right;
And still from out the poet's stone-bound grave
The hope of life arises, and the light
Of every dawn that floods through choir and nave
Brings radiant immortality from night.

—*Horace Spencer Fiske.*

WEALTH.

I have a friend of wealth untold:
Her window views a field of gold.
And right before her open door
A rosebush thrives—though little more.

A robin comes each shining day,
And helps her while the hours away;
But more—within her four walls pent,
She holds the jewel of content!

—*Thomas Curtis Clark.*

SYMBOLS.

Green grew the reeds and pale they were,
And all the sunless grass was gray;
The sluggish coils of marsh-water
Dripped thickly over root and stone;
In the deep woods there was no day,
No day within them, shine or sun,—
Only the night alway.

And evermore the cypresses
Against the cold sky rocked and swung;
The lurching of the high, black trees,
Their sprawling black tops tossed and flung
Against the sky. She made a hut
Of dripping stone and wattled clay,
And the small window-space was shut
With woven reeds, green and gray.

The comely stars paced soberly
In the blue gardens overhead,
And morn and eve the housing sky
Shifted in blue and gold and red;
But She who dwelt in the stone hut
Knew not these things; on gathered knees
She leaned her face, her thick hair shut
Her from the stars and trees.

—*Vance Thompson.*

THE MIRACLE.

Last night the trees were bare
When we looked out to see,
Against the sunset-colored air,
Their complex tracery,
Like webs of fibred lace
Between us and the sky,
With only roughly-budded trace
Of leaves for by and by.

From twilight dusk to dawn
  There were no shocks nor jars
To show strange work was going on
  Under the watching stars;
No sound of bursting sheath,
  No rending of close chain—
Only a sudden risen breath
  Of cloud—a soft, sweet rain.

But see our maples now;
  They need another name!
Our elms, like last night's, bough for bough,
  Yet not at all the same.
More leaves are out than could
  The wildest numberer say—
Transfigured trees, a new-made wood,
  A resurrection day!

Yet this so quickly wrought—
  This instant, wondrous birth—
Grew by slow process, thought on thought,
  Out of the hiding earth.
Unseen and silent grew
  That now so glorifies.
What miracle can Love not do?
  O, read with grateful eyes!

—Clara Doty Bates.

MEMORIES AFTER DEATH.

Art hailed me and her glance serene
  Enthralled my eager heart. I toiled
Until I was forspent. (Unseen,
  She bore a serpent whip uncoiled.)

Love looked at me with burning eyes,
With words and kisses sweet he drew
Me close. (Yet in his hand there lies
A cross of Calvary's red hue.)

Death beckoned me. His smile benign,
His face in beauty as a star
Entranced my soul—I drank his wine
Of peace and followed him afar.

—*Carrie Collins Reed.*

THE ROSE JAR.

O Earth,
You have brought me out too soon!

He whom I love
Still clings upon the branch,
Firm, a slender bud,
But you have spread me wide.

Take these broken leaves,
Now fallen from the core;
(O Earth,
You have brought me out too soon!)
Drop them into your Jar
For him who shall surely pass this way
At last!

—*Mark Turbyfill.*

A STATUE IN A GARDEN.

I was a goddess ere the marble found me.
  Wind, wind, delay not,
Waft my spirit where the laurel crowned me!
  Will the wind stay not?

Then tarry, tarry, listen, little swallow,—
  An old glory feeds me:
I lay upon the bosom of Apollo!
  Not a bird heeds me.

For here the days are alien. O, to waken
  Mine, mine, with calling!
But on my shoulders bare, like hopes forsaken,
  The dead leaves are falling.

The sky is gray and full of unshed weeping,
  As dim down the garden
I wait and watch the early autumn sweeping.
  The stalks fade and harden.

The souls of all the flowers afar have rallied.
  The trees, gaunt, appalling,
Attest the gloom, and on my shoulders pallid
  The dead leaves are falling.

—Agnes Lee.

THE SEA'S DAUGHTER.

The blind blue wave goes over thy lips and eyes,
The sweet drowned hair floats out in wonderful wise,
Shed, a pale web, along the amorous sea:
Thus do I dream of thee.

Thus do I dream thine end, whose marvellous birth
Befell in no green, quiet corner of earth:
The Sea takes back all Gods and Flowers who were
Royally born of her.

—Kenneth Sawyer Goodman.

TO AN ANAESTHETIC.

Forbidding Spirit, art thou foe or friend,
That drawest near my couch with presence chill?
Thou, Conqueror, dost subdue my sovereign will—
Forth from its house, my spirit dost thou send,
Rebelling, yet before thee it must bend.
Along the stifling tracks of sense, a thrill
Of terror creeps. Oh Spirit, cold and still,
How shall I know thee—as a foe or friend?
As friend! As friend! For lo, my tortured brain
Beating its walls in fevered throbs of pain,
Feels blissful respite; yea, as friend, for lo,
In mercy, lest my flickering spark of life
Be quenched, thou sparest me that deadliest throe,
The savage torture of the keen-edged knife.

—Bertha F. Gordon.

THE OLD HOUSE.

Cold and cheerless, bare and bleak,
The old house fronts the shabby street;
And the dull windows eastward gaze,
As their cobwebbed brows they raise,
Just as though they looked to see
What had become of you and me
And all the other children.

The dust drifts o'er the garret floor,
The little feet tread there no more;
But o'er the stage, still standing there,
The Muse first stalked with tragic air
And whispered low to you and me
Of golden days that were to be
For us and all the children.

Good-bye, old house! Thy tattered cloak
Is fringed with moss and gray with smoke;
Within thy walls we used to see
A gaunt old wolf named Poverty;
Yet from thy rafters' dingy bars
A ladder stretched up to the stars—
For us and all the children.

—Grace Duffie Boylan.

TWO HOUSES.

House of the past, house of the sunken stair,
In somnolence of long untrodden grass!
Tragedy, pleasure, sin have crossed your door.
Your crumbling gables are no longer fair,
And all the sigh of all the heaven may pass
Along your desert floor.

And you, the newly-builded, firmly set,
Wide-halled, with gleaming porch and peristyle,
And windows clear to catch the sunlight's whole!
What shall you say, O house of no regret,
Proud in your vigor, but, alas the while,
Still waiting for your soul!

—Agnes Lee.

COMING HOME.

They have hauled in the gang-plank; the breast line
crawls back;
It is "Port, and hard over!" and out through the
black
Of the storm and the night, and across to the mouth
Of the harbor, where stretching far out to the south,
Run the lights of the town.
Swinging slowly we turn,
Pointing out for mid-lake, past the long pier where
burn
The red harbor-lights, where the great billows churn,
Blow on blow, on the spiles, spilling down the white
foam—
But I've written the home-folks that I'm coming home.

And I'm coming; huddled close by the slow-falling
rail,
Blinking red through the mist and the spray, while
the hail
Rattles down the wet decks, lifting high, with the wail
Up the wind of the fog-horn, and behind on our trail,
And we nose straight out in the teeth of the gale,
I know by the throb that the engines prevail,
And—steady, my courage—unless the stars fail,
We'll make it.
But tell me, O gray eyes and blue,
Did you know in your watching, O dim eyes and true,
In that black night's wild fury, while the storm-
signals flew,

While the storm beat us back, and the hoarse whistles
blew—
Did you know, O my dear ones, I was coming to you?

The silence of midnight; the hiss of the swell;
The creaking of timbers; the close cabin smell;
The slow-swaying shadows; the jar of the screw;
The wind at the shutter; the feet of the crew;
The cry of a child—is he coming home, too?

There's a rent in the night, and a star glimmers
through.
The skies clear above us; the west banks up brown;
The wind dies across us; the sea's running down;
And across the dim water, still breaking in foam,
Stretches out the far shore-line—and I'm coming
home.

The hills smile a welcome, the long night is past,
And the ship's turning into the harbor at last.
The engines slow down; we steal through the slip,
Past the low burning lamp and with quivering lip,
Call down to the life-savers, cheering us on.

The weary throb sends us straight into the dawn,
Fair and white up the bay, half asleep, all adream,
In its translucent purple and pearl. Just a gleam
Out there of the earliest sail; here the curl
Of the first lazy smoke from a cabin—a girl
Loops up the long vines at the doorway. A swirl
Of white water behind us; then a stir at the dock.
Steam slowly! The head-line—the stern-line—the
shock

As we swing alongside, and across the plank flock
Wan faces, with breath still a-quiver, the roar
Of the night still above and about them, the floor
Still uncertain; but over the grateful brown loam
We crowd to the shore-boat—and I'm coming home.

And away to the north, over depths of cool green
From the bluffs overhead, where the deep-set ravine
Digs down to the heart of the wood, while a stream
Trickles out over sands drifting white and the pier
Reaches out through the water to meet us. We're here!

From the pier to the boat-house and far down the shore
Flutters back to the group at the old farm-house door
The word that I'm coming: and from wrinkled old hands,
As the dear old feet toil through the weary white sands,
Bringing welcome and welcome, from boat-house and strand,
The hurrying, white-winged signals all come—
God pity the mortal who has never come home.

And I? I'm not worth it. But gray eyes and blue!
While the storms beat about me, O dear hearts and true!
Or the fogs flinging far, blot the stars from the blue,
If the pole star leads on or the rudder swings true,
It's not heaven I'm after—I'm coming to you.

But heaven it will be when down the blue dome
Flutter out the white signals that I'm coming home.

—E. Sewell Hill.

MOTHER.

A word's a thing of life born of the soul,
And plumed with wings whose flight shall distance
time.
Behold, a word's the image of a thought;
'Tis like the thought: and yet who hath not felt,
The thought is often better than the word,
As God is far more excellent than man?
And yet man is His image, like to Him.
A word's a shrine wherein a spirit dwells.

O holy image of a holier thought!
O sweet word Mother, shrine wherein abides
The purest thought conceived of human heart!

—Blanche Fearing.

THE MART.

Its gilded hands allurements hold,
But none may tempt me long,
Lest I might take its gifts of gold
And lose the gift of song.

—Henry Dumont.

AMBITION.

At morning time is seen thy beckoning hand,
As man goes forth again the heights to scale;
Dreaming of thee he cannot, dare not fail,
Redoubling effort at thy stern command.
In noonday's glare no resting by the road,
For those who follow thee must never cease
Giving in exchange for thy smile, their peace;

Receiving in turn thy perpetual goad.
When silent night is wooing all to rest,
And moon and stars proclaim that day is done,
When sleep, with magic wand, each eye would close,
And man should humbly own himself most blest,
Canst thou, Ambition, grant some battles won,
Some victories gained, and let him find repose?

—*Salena S. Martin.*

O WORLD.

O world, that changes under my hand,
  O brown world, bitter and bright,
And full of hidden recesses
  Of love and light—

O world, what use would there be to me
  Of power beyond power
To change, or establish new balance,
  To build, or deflower?

O world, what use would there be?
  Had I the Creator's fire,
I could not build you nearer
  To my heart's desire!

—*Alice Corbin.*

THE WORLD.

The world is not many—it is only two;
  You and I—or another twain,
Speaking old words that are ever new,
  Viewing the earth as our fair domain.

What of the legion that throngs the ways?
Two is the total that crowds the street,
Two make the world and its book of days,
And two is the world in a far retreat.

The moon's pale beams flood the summer night,
The rose awakens a-tremble with dew;
The day is a medley of sound and sight,
And all is granted for a world of two.

—Roy O. Randall.

A SABBATH MORN.

Still breathes this Sabbath morn,
As though God steals invisibly
Adown the sunlit air, and over tree
And hill in beauty borne
Kindles the earth with His Divinity.

Lie still, my beating heart,
Restless with years of agony!
Behold how fair the springtide breaks for thee!
Be patient ever, thou who art
The child of visions, gentle, bright, and free!

—George F. Butler.

THE BEST DAY.

Not the day when Moses led
The way to the Promised Land;
Not the day when Joshua
Bade the sun to stand;
Not the day when Caesar bled,

Not the day of Bunker Hill,
Not the day of Waterloo,
Not the day she said "I will,"
Sweetly whispering to you;
Not a day that's past for aye,
But today.

—*S. E. Kiser.*

TIME.

I think that Time abideth in some star
That winter nights doth glimmer faint and cold,
Some star lost in a mist of worlds afar,
Wherefrom he casts the spell that makes us old;
Wherefrom he maketh that the ripened grain,
The restful night, the ever-welcome day,
The sparkling tide new-risen on the main,
Do register our hours that pass away;
Wherefrom he maketh that a little sand
Cannot within its glass run silently,
Nor on a dial move a foolish hand,
But they do measure our mortality.
O demon Time, accursed, malevolent,
When shall thy rage be satisfied or spent?

Thou necromancer of the starry steeps,
Thou wizard, ravisher and enemy,
Eternity thy master broods and sleeps,
And knows not of thy cruel villany.
Thou conjurest the dead forth from their mould
To question them for fearful auguries;
The golden hours that in our hands we hold
Thou changest into withered memories;

The chastest maids in youth, sole loveliness,
  Thou dost pursue, and lead'st them on to scorn,
Their rosy lips and cheeks thou ravishest,
  Then who shall love them that thou leav'st forlorn?
Of all mankind thou art the enemy,
And never kind except in treachery.

All, all this world thou usest but to mock
  Our pillaged senses that would love it well;
Of every motion dost thou make a clock;
  Of every sound thou mak'st a passing bell.
A happy moment is a moment gone;
  A crownèd life is but a lifetime fled.
Thou writ'st a doom across the breaking dawn:
"The day that cometh passeth to the dead."
O, might it be that thou didst not invade
  Some sheltered spot, some dreaming summer land!
Lo, on the turf there lies the maple's shade,
  And 'tis a dial with a creeping hand.
O cruel Time, why doest thou this wrong,
That thou lett'st not one summer's day be long?

Oh, were Time kind, as never yet Time was,
  Then would he use his strange transmuting power
Only to make fair change, bring good to pass,
  Fond friends to meet, and claspèd buds to flower;
To raise the worthy peasant high at court,
  The lonely scholar to a great renown;
To bring far-wandered ships to happy port;
  To crown our hopes and never cast them down;
To raise the patient from his weary bed,
  And lead sweet lovers to their rosy bliss,

Making the timid swain emboldenèd
To take at last the undefended kiss.
Oh, were Time kind, then would his magic be
More golden rich than golden alchemy!

—*Williston Fish.*

EUTHANASIA.

Her body might have vanished with her soul;
She did not strive with death,
Nor ask a single day or night of dole,
Nor parley for a little struggling breath;
But quiet peace was there, and all was o'er;
She entered in, and softly closed the door.

—*Frances Ekin Allison.*

ADIEU.

I will go down to the silent valleys
Where the Mothers of men may sleep—
I will enter the caverns of silence
Though I hear the children weep.
Sore was the parting, but under
The slope of the shining sod,
Low is muffled the thunder
Of Juggernaut wheels—
God hath broken the rod.

—*Minnie Garner Ranney.*

IF I SHOULD WAKE.

If I should wake, on some soft silent night,
When the west wind strayed from the garden's bloom,
To creep, with fitful touches, through the room
And see thee standing in the space of light,
Making the dusk about thee faintly bright,
With the old smile, like starlight in the gloom,
Would my heart leap to claim thee from the tomb,
Without a doubt to jar its full delight?

Or should I wait, with longing arms stretched wide,
And know, with sudden trembling and amaze,
Some subtle change in all thy being wrought,
Since thou by death wast touched and glorified?
Then come not back, lest I should go my ways
Bereft anew of love's dear, changeless thought.

—*Emily Huntington Miller.*

APPROACH OF NIGHT.

Lo, like some young Numidian queen of old,
Descending from her barge of state, the Night
Steps down into the world; fold upon fold
Of royal purple swathes her form; for light,
Upon her brow a single star doth shine;
For music, Ethiopian crickets chirr
Incessantly, while, deep within a bush,
As he were conscious of some change divine,
A bird exalts the sweet approach of her;
All else is awed into a mystic hush.

Right on she comes, more starry, kind, serene;
Her glance doth teach the flower to put aside
Remembrance of the heat, and, trustful, lean
Its head in sleep; while, blessing her, the wide,
Wide plain grows cool with dusk and dewiness;
She takes her kingdom honored everywhere.
Is care thy thorn? Petition her; she heals.
Doth grief weigh heavily? She hath no less
Than solace for thy wounds, and with her hair
She veils thy couch and breaks her dreamful seals.

Art thou a scholar, delving ancient lore
In ponderous tomes? Her blessed hydromel
Of quietness is thine. Dost seek the door
Of marvelous Invention? She weaves a spell
Of power whose wand is Nature's wonder-key.
And if the Muses own thee of their race,
She sends thee forth on quests of high emprise,
Whose meed is some immortal melody;
But if thou art a lover, lo! her mace
Reveals the moonlit vales of paradise.

—*Charles G. Blanden.*

DARKNESS AND LIGHT.

Hell can be nothing but the dark, they say:
The pall that covers hope, drowns the bright day,
Takes from the vision all its splendid sky,
  Denies the lark
Inspiring dawn,—ah, verily,
  Hell can be nothing but the dark.

And yet some seem to love the darkness best.
To these—ah, pity them—who know no rest
Striving to hide some soul-defacing mark,
  Who need the night
To cover scenes the better dark,
  Hell can be nothing but the light!

—*Henry Dumont.*

COLUMNS OF EVENING.

The evening seems the ghost of a purple-roofed house
That once held repose.
The leaning columns
Seem to have pulled down the sky to their tops
With long, unseen arms.

—*Maxwell Bodenheim.*

NIGHTFALL.

The woods and fields are still;
  The night is calm
Upon the silent hill;
  A dew-cool balm
Descends upon the lids of day;
The murmurs of the night
In drowsy flight
Rise ever, fall, and drift away;
Dreams are abroad,
And Sleep is on her way.

—*Martin Schutze.*

NIGHTFALL IN DORDRECHT.

The mill goes toiling slowly around
  With steady and solemn creak,
And my little one hears in the kindly sound
  The voice of the old mill speak;
While round and round those big white wings
  Grimly and ghostlike creep,
My little one hears that the old mill sings,
"Sleep, little tulip, sleep!"

The sails are reefed and the nets are drawn,
  And over his pot of beer
The fisher, against the morrow's dawn,
  Lustily maketh cheer;
He mocks at the winds that caper along
  From the far-off, clamorous deep,
But we—we love their lullaby-song
  Of "Sleep, little tulip, sleep!"

Old dog Fritz, in slumber sound,
  Groans of the stony mart;
Tomorrow how proudly he'll trot you around,
  Hitched to our new milk-cart!
And you shall help me blanket the kine,
  And fold the gentle sheep,
And set the herring a-soak in brine,—
  But now, little tulip, sleep!

A Dream-One comes to button the eyes
  That wearily droop and blink,
While the old mill buffets the frowning skies,
  And scolds at the stars that wink;

Over your face the misty wings
Of that beautiful Dream-One sweep,
And, rocking your cradle, she softly sings,
"Sleep, little tulip, sleep!"

—*Eugene Field.*

AT MIDNIGHT.

Darkness now the earth is holding,
Solemn, vast, and all-enfolding.
Wood and field and stream are sleeping,
Lulled to rest in Nature's keeping.
Faint and far, as echoes falling,
One lone whip-poor-will is calling;
While the night wind, restless rover,
Tiptoes o'er the bending clover.

—*A. W. Macy.*

UNCONQUERED.

"The Shadow has befallen; the Night has closed the day;
Death has swept unto my hearth and taken all away.
Dust to dust returneth, song to accordant song;
But Love is longer, aye, than Death, and strong as Death is strong.
Stark and grim and frustrate, with void and vacant hands,
The spectre lies with vacant eyes where Love, triumphant, stands
To guard our sleep, beloved, until our souls awake;
For Death he taketh all away, but Love he cannot take."

—*Kendall Banning.*

HARMONICS.

This string upon my harp was best beloved:
I thought I knew its secrets through and through;
Till an old man, whose young eyes lightened blue
'Neath his white hair, bent over me and moved
His fingers up and down, and broke the wire
To such a laddered music, rung on rung,
As from the patriarch's pillow skyward sprung
Crowded with wide-flung wings and feet of fire.

O vibrant heart! so metely tuned and strung
That any untaught hand can draw from thee
One clear gold note that makes the tired years young—
What of the time when Love had whispered me
Where slept thy nodes, and my hand pausefully
Gave to the dim harmonics voice and tongue?

—*William Vaughn Moody.*

THE HAPPIEST HEART.

Who drives the horses of the sun
  Shall lord it but a day;
Better the lowly deed were done,
  And kept the humble way.

The rust will find the sword of fame,
  The dust will hide the crown;
Ay, none shall nail so high his name
  Time will not tear it down.

The happiest heart that ever beat
Was in some quiet breast
That found the common daylight sweet
And left to Heaven the rest.

—*John Vance Cheney.*

JUDAS' APOSTROPHE TO CHRIST ON THE CROSS.

(*From The King of the Jews—The Chicago Little Theatre Passion Play.*)

You understand;
You hanging there
On the cross.
You always understand,
And you smile. .
You are not smiling now,
You whom I love
And have crucified,
My King:
My brother:
My beloved.

You know how I love you:
How I loved you and always have loved you,
Jesus, Jesus.
I love you.
And I have crucified you;
I: Iscariot:
I: the traitor:
I: Judas.

Your body is writhen
With agony.
It is all twisted
And broken.
Your hands are broken
And bloody
With the nails
Driven right through the palms,
Right through,
Into the wood.
The fingers of your hands
Are broken.
They are bleeding
From blows from the hammer.
Your feet
Are not like human feet
Any more,
One on top of the other,
With a great nail right through them,
Right through,
Into the wood;
Your feet
That I have kissed.
Your forehead
Is bleeding and tortured
With the thorns.
The blood has trickled down
Into your eyes.
The joist between your legs
Is filthy with blood
And sweat
And excrement,
You are exposed,

Uncovered:
You, a virgin.
You have—
Is it men who do these things
To men?

It is I who have done this thing:
I: Iscariot:
I: the traitor:
I: Judas:
I: a man; to a man;
To my brother;
To my beloved;
To my King.

I thought I could force you
To declare yourself king;
King of our people;
King of our country
That we loved:
King of the Jews.
I thought I could force you
By betraying you.
When they came to take you,
I thought,
Then you would raise your hand,
Then surely, at last, you would raise your hand.
You needed only to raise your hand:
And they would come flocking;
Fifty thousand; fifty thousand.
And Rome had one thousand:
Scarcely one thousand.

It could not fail.
Even if you did not raise your hand,
It could not fail:
They loved you so.
It failed.

It is I who understand now,
Jesus.
I understand why you always smiled at me.
I understand why you did not raise your hand.
I understand
Too late.

"My kingdom is not of earth"
How often you said it;
And I used to laugh at you;
I laughed at you.
"My kingdom is not of earth."
And I offered you an earthly kingdom,
I offered you the kingdom of Judaea,
You who had the Kingdom of Heaven
Within you.
I understand now,
Jesus.

It is a little thing that I have betrayed you, Jesus:
A little thing, and it will be forgotten.
You and I will be forgotten, Jesus.
We go down together, unremembered.
But I have betrayed a greater thing than you:
I have betrayed God.

Not the God in you, I could not betray that:
It could not be betrayed.
I have betrayed the God in myself;
I: Judas: the traitor.

(To sentry.)

Give me that little piece of rope.
I shall not ask anything of any human being
Any more—
I thank you.
All is said.
Farewell, you whom I love.
Farewell.

—*Maurice Browne.*

EXTRACT FROM "THE GROTESQUES."

MAN-MOTIVE.

I know that I shall never see her more.
Beyond this length of forest all is void.
How can the gods stand by and see so fair
And innocent a Motive perish, yet
Raise not one hand to help her or restrain?
Do they snatch joy from her unhappiness?
Nay, they are gods: their silence must have cause.—
Immortal life! . . . .

WOMAN-MOTIVE.

Death would not then be true.

MAN.

Who are you that have strength to look at grief?

WOMAN.

I know grief's pain, the memory's garnering.

CAPULCHARD.

Swift let the past sweep backward from their ken
Completed.

MAN.

They might will the past restored,
Did we appeal, humbly . . . . .

(*He looks in mute appeal towards the Audience. A pause. His hope breaks. Capulchard smiles.*)

CAPULCHARD.

The gods are kind, but wish to be amused.
Obey the decoration: be not like
The marionette who learned that there were strings
And, seeking independence, severed them.

WOMAN.

If I, knowing sorrow, could teach happiness—

CAPULCHARD.

Await the tang: their search will yield you tang.
Brief shall the scene be, so with stress designed.

MAN.

You were their answer.

WOMAN.

Yes. (*She starts.*)
Gods kill at last. . . . .
All moods of life in turn sweep thru my heart.
Each sings a moment, passes, and is gone,
Like winds of evening, winds of night, and dawn.

MAN.

Your heart is not inconstant—

WOMAN.
Not my heart.
There is a mystery; I know there waits—

MAN.
Our love, deep-grounded in the roots of life,
Eternal—

WOMAN.
Flee: I bring unhappiness!

CAPULCHARD.
Has he learned not transcience? Let them weave
the theme.

MAN.
One weapon—craft. We'll make our own design.

CAPULCHARD.
Shadows who'd swing the moon.
(*The Man draws her into a pose suggesting two lovers. This becomes the design.*)

MAN. (*As with a glance at Capulchard, she yields.*)
Vict'ry!

CAPULCHARD. (*Surprised, grimly.*) —
How slight
A breath would puff them pell-mell into space
And free the canvas for a different theme!

WOMAN. (*After a long pause.*)
Seize in this one embrace our happiness;
Swift to my lips.

CAPULCHARD. (*Designing.*)
Now, duty.—What, n'importe.

WOMAN. (*Quietly, looking past the Man to Capulchard.*)
I know that you must leave me.

MAN.
Now?

WOMAN.
The while—
That love may so be perfect: ere the gods
Destroy: and return to—find—me—
(*They move to the right edge of the decoration.*)
Dearest. . . . . .

MAN.
Wait . . . . .
(*He turns aside, left. She smiles, looking upward. Her smile becomes ecstasy.*)

CAPULCHARD. (*Abruptly.*)
The tang!
(*He touches her upon the shoulder. She steps quietly from the decoration, falling inert. The Man turns. A very long silence. Capulchard watches the design with interest.*)

CAPULCHARD. (*Filling the silence.*)
Dynamic.
(*To the Man.*) In the will lies no redress.
(*Capulchard grasps the lotus from the stream and offers it to him.*)
Taste of the lotus: it's forgetfulness.
(*The Man unconsciously, in deep thought, wanders into the forest, left.*)

—*Cloyd Head.*

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